Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom.

'Go To It' with "TripleX"-and Get There!

Selsdon Park Hotel
Sanderstead, Surrey, England
Telephone: Sanderstead 2001

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE

Full en pension terms with free service to station. Billiards, tennis, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, solarium, all free. Riding

SUBTERRANEAN AIR-RAID SHELTER

Over 160 rooms, the majority with private bathroom

Terms reduced 15%—20% from pre-war

Unique for war-time residence or rest

Profusely illustrated brochure free on request.

In a neutral area 500 feet up on the Surrey Hills and in its own park of 230 acres, remote from other buildings yet only half an hour from the heart of London.

HIGHLAND QUEEN
Grand Liqueur

MACDONALD & MUIR, LTD., Scotch Whisky Distillers, LEITH, GLASGOW, LONDON.

Cerebos Salt
FOR DAINTY TABLES

McVITIE & PRICE BISCUITS
-ALL THE GOODNESS OF BRITISH WHEAT

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE ONE SHILLING: BY INLAND POST 1/2
Canada and Newfoundland 1d.: Foreign 1½d.

FOR CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY OF "THE SKETCH" SEE FOOT OF ANOTHER PAGE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4.

MIDLAND BANK

LIMITED

Chairman: THE RIGHT HON. R. McKENNA
Deputy Chairmen. S. CHRISTOPHERSON LEWIS H. WALTERS
Chief General Manager: HERBERT A. ASTBURY

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

December 31, 1940

	£
LIABILITIES	
Capital paid up	15,158,621
Reserve Fund	12,410,609
Current, Deposit and other Accounts... ...	578,663,617
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits... ...	4,797,146
Engagements	9,351,644
ASSETS	
Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England	69,527,197
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks ...	21,974,434
Money at Call and Short Notice	26,069,553
Bills Discounted (British Treasury Bills £48,048,384)	57,641,734
Treasury Deposit Receipts...	67,500,000
Investments	156,686,506
Advances and other Accounts	188,083,067
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, etc. ...	14,148,790
Bank Premises	9,613,124
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd. ...	937,500
Shares in Affiliated Companies: Belfast Banking Co. Ltd. ... ...; The Clydesdale Bank Ltd. ... ...; North of Scotland Bank Ltd. ... ...; Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	8,199,732

A copy of a 32-page illustrated book entitled "THE SERVICE OF THE MIDLAND BANK" may be obtained, on personal or written application, at any branch in England and Wales, or at the

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

Mufti— still tax free

Without a very, very large reserve of stock, it would be impossible to provide the sort of ready-for-wear service that Moss Bros. offer. And that is the only reason why three months after the advent of the purchase tax, we can still supply clothes ready for immediate wear, free of the tax. But even *our* stocks are not inexhaustible—so if you *are* thinking of buying clothes it's as well not to postpone it to the too far distant future.

MOSS BROS

& CO. LTD.

COVENT GARDEN

Corner of KING ST. & BEDFORD ST., W.C.2.
TEMple Bar 4477 (12 lines)

Also 3/5 Upper Union Street, Aldershot; 76 Park Street, Bristol; 5 St. Ann's Square, Manchester; The Hard, Portsmouth. And at Boscombe, Camberley, Dorking, Droitwich, Hove, Ilkley, Salisbury, Shrivenham and York.

Nothing soft about Sportex. It's the hardest wearing cloth that Scotland produces. The firm weave, impervious to thorns in the woods or hustle in the streets, helps to preserve the cut of your Sportex suit in a way which will give the greatest satisfaction to yourself and your tailor.

SCOTLAND'S HARDEST WEARING CLOTH

EVERY SHIP IN THE ROYAL NAVY
is portrayed and described in

"BRITISH WARSHIPS"

Published by "The Illustrated London News"

This panorama publication (size 19 × 12½ in.) contains 150 superb photographs with explanatory diagrams and descriptions of every vessel in the Navies of the British Commonwealth. Can be ordered from principal booksellers or from "The Illustrated London News," 32 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Price **3/6**

By post, Inland and Abroad 4/-

Fourth and FINAL impression will be ready shortly, so ORDER NOW

The Sketch

No. 2505—Vol. CXCIII. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1941. ONE SHILLING.

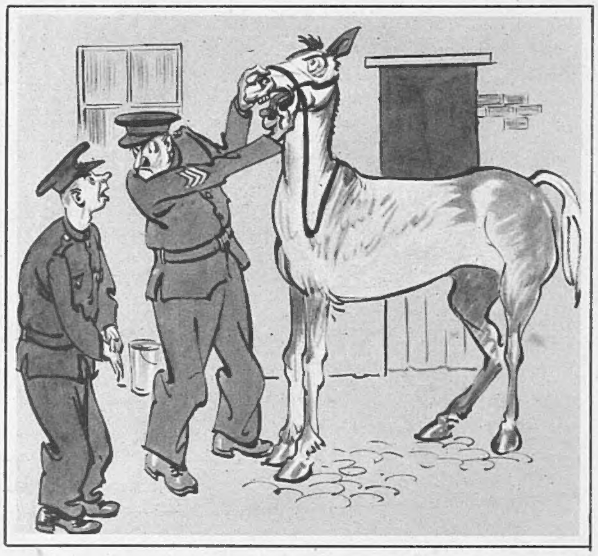
HOW TO WEAR SLACKS—
BY BETTE DAVIS.

This informal portrait of BETTE DAVIS *shows exactly how slacks ought to be worn, and proves that they can be highly becoming to a pretty figure. The snapshot was taken in the courtyard of the star's home, and on other pages we give a further selection of studies of her in her own setting. Her new picture, "All This, and Heaven Too!" was recently presented at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, and she has just married, as her second husband, Arthur Farnsworth, a wealthy Boston business man.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Animal or Mineral? I see that I have two Questions of the Moment on my notes for discussion this week. One is Gold and the other is Rabbits. I hesitate between the two—both have equal claims on our attention at this solemn moment in our history—but, on the whole, I think I will deal with rabbits first and put gold rather later on the agenda. My reason is that I know a good deal about rabbits and practically nothing whatever about gold. I have never read a book about rabbits, and yet they seem to be lifelong friends; on the other hand, I have read a good many articles, essays and even books about gold, but the more I have read, the less I have understood about it, especially when it takes (or took) the form of a Standard. However, do not let us revive that painful subject; it died of convulsions some considerable time ago. Let it rest in peace.



"I can't tell 'is age, Sergeant, but judging by 'is tongue—I'd say 'e was up late last night!"

DRAWN BY GEORGE TERNANT.

Brer Rabbit. When I say that I know a good deal about rabbits, I am not speaking from a naturalist's point of view. There *are* people, I know, who revel in dissecting rabbits, but I have never been one of them. The only rabbit-dissection with which I have ever experimented has been done with a knife and fork, and I only wish I could practise a little more of it in these hard times. No; I merely mean that I have been a lifelong champion of the rabbit. I was first introduced to him by Joel Chandler Harris, and at once conceived a great regard for him, though I must admit that he was a most unmitigated liar, and I have often wondered since why Brer Rabbit was held up as fit company for the very young. That was many years ago, in the Antipodes, and when others reviled him as mere "vermin," I always defended Bunny as a dear, winsome, gentle little thing, one of the most endearing of quadrupeds; but, then, I was not a farmer, and I had never had my young crops devoured by him. Well, perhaps I was a little sentimental about that, but my sentimentality was evidently inconsistent (as it usually is), because I had another and less humanitarian conviction—namely, that whatever objections there might be to the rabbit in its natural state, it was at least a Friend of Man on the table. In that view I again found myself in a minority; but at last, under stress of war, Bunny has come into his own and enjoys the esteem which has been too long denied him.

A Host in Himself. I do not regard the rabbit as in any way inferior to the chicken—even when the chicken *is* a chicken. In the kitchen, he is the most versatile of creatures. You can stew him, bake him, stuff him, curry him, fry him in batter (batter—what far-off memories the word evokes!), make soup, haricot, patties or pies of him, and you can feed invalids upon him. He is an entire larder in himself, and he has the great merit, too rare among man's natural prey, that he is child's play to carve. His uncle, the hare, has a higher reputation, but is only for strong constitutions, especially when jugged. The prejudice against the rabbit is sheer snobbery. Even furriers disown him, though they depend largely on him; but as "coney," he is regarded as socially presentable. Well, if his plebeian name spoils your appetite—though I should have thought him quite as high in the social scale as that ridiculous creature, the domestic fowl—call him "coney" or treat yourself to *ragoût de lapin*. He has only one defect as a culinary specimen—there is not enough of him. Always a devoted husband and father, he replenishes the earth in time of war more enthusiastically than ever, but not enough people catch him. You can't even get the Welsh variety—not with Government cheese, anyhow.

The Die-Hard. You would never find a rabbit, however venerable, behaving as certain other animals behave when asked to do their patriotic duty and to become meat. At Great Yarmouth the other day a hog which was old enough to know better, for it had lived twenty merry years before it was sent to the pork butcher, made a most painful demonstration of Civil Disobedience when confronted with the sausage-machine. It is reported that this proud and powerful animal—which, I repeat, was a pig and not a rhinoceros—"broke the blades in a one-horse-power electric mincer, smashed two cogs in a more powerful machine, and made the knife so hot in a third that the meat turned black." Even the fat resisted to the last; it had to be disintegrated with a chopper. The butcher who had to deal with this indomitable patriarch made only one comment. "I shall," he said, "send this meat to Lord Woolton." I hope Lord Woolton got it, and if he did, I should think it may have come in very handy as roofing for the Anderson shelter or anti-blast material for the windows.

Inquire Within. Somehow or other, whatever the wastage of machinery, I suppose this adamantine animal was reduced to sausage. What mollifying material accompanied it? It is a truism to say that the contents of sausages have always been one of the mysteries which have fascinated mankind. It is reported that in Brussels there has recently been a spate of sausages, but on examination they were found to contain a high percentage of sawdust. Well, why not? Sawdust is an innocent vegetable product which is shamefully wasted; I am assured by experts that only a slight chemical change is needed to turn it into excellent food—not flavoury, perhaps, but adequately nutritious. Even as it is, it is almost indistinguishable from certain breakfast foods. Save your sawdust! You never know when it may not come in useful. Meanwhile, the Government has laid it down that sausages must contain not less than 30 per cent. and not more than 45 per cent. of meat. The remaining 70 or 55 per cent. is left to taste and imagination. Nothing is said about sawdust, but I understand that bread-crumbs are the mainstay, and that it might soon be difficult to distinguish

"Why, dammit, Sir, Goering's disgraced his uniform."
"What! ALL of them?"

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

between a sausage and a bread poultice. I am assuming, of course, that there are any sausages at all, but that depends on the skins, of which a shortage is threatened. What happens to sausages when they lose their skins I am not sure; I suppose you *can* use Cellophane—you can use it for most things—but I don't fancy it, somehow; I don't think it would fry very well.

Unconsidered Trifles. Of one commodity there is no shortage at present, and it is a product (like sawdust) for which we seem to have found little use up to now. I refer to broken glass. Everybody wants glass, and there is plenty of it lying about, but nobody seems able to do anything with it. You would think, would you not, that scientists, if they are as ingenious as they claim to be, would be able to sweep up the glass, boil it down again, and produce new glass in almost unlimited quantities. But apparently they can't—they haven't even tried, as far as I know. They can do all sorts of things with tin cans and rags and bones and paper, but glass defeats them. I suggest that the subject merits their earnest attention. For example, why not fill bombs with glass splinters? It is not a pretty thought, but nothing about bombing is pretty. Until some inventor gets to work, there seems to be no useful purpose whatever for broken glass. People occasionally stick it on their walls to discourage trespassers, but the method is crude and old-fashioned. Irritable husbands or wives have been known to powder glass and mix it in their spouse's food, with regrettable effects on health and happiness; but at present there seems to be more than enough to meet the popular demand for this purpose. I think the matter deserves the serious consideration of the War Cabinet. Has Mr. Heath Robinson any ideas?

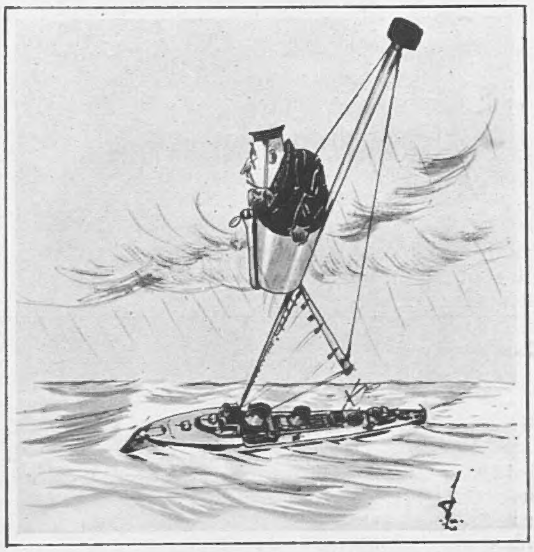
The Old Block. How capricious is the demon of destruction! Irreplaceable monuments and objects of beauty come tumbling down, or are consumed in the holocaust, but the fury spares a mass of useless broken glass, and—of all historic monuments—the Eton birching-block! One would have thought this to be a combustible object, but it has evidently been toughened by the hardy spirit of the many generations who have been associated with it. A brand indeed plucked from the burning! Do the shades of departed Etonians rejoice at this miraculous preservation? Do they whisper sentimentally to each other: "Dear old block of which we are all chips! Upon that simple piece of timber we learned the fundamentals of education!"? Or do they say: "Well, Hitler could have had *that* for all we cared! Let it be consigned to the bottomless pit!"? It may be that this freak of fate is an omen. If the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, why should not the Battle of Britain be won on the birching-block of Eton? At least it is certain that it has been the scene of many a valiant rearguard action.

"STAND EASY!"

DRAWN BY T. S. LEE.

Run Amok. I deprecate, I protest against the growing habit among nations and countries of suddenly changing their names without notice and apparently without reason. Almost from our mother's knees we have all been extremely familiar with Siam. When I say familiar, I mean that we all knew that this romantic country was prolific in cats and twins and that all true Siamese, when annoyed, ran round carving up everybody within sight with long knives. Moreover, the well-known Siamese National Anthem, beginning "Oh, what an ass Siam," was one of our earliest triumphs of scintillating wit. These characteristics endeared the country to us; Siam it was and Siam it ought to have remained. But now, without a word of warning or apology, it suddenly becomes Thai or Thailand. Why? What's wrong with Siam? How do you pronounce Thai, anyhow—Tie or Thy? How can anybody be expected to talk about a Thai cat or Thai twins? It is almost as bad as being expected to call an Irish terrier an Erse tyke, or Irish whisky Erse usquebaugh. And what does a Siamese now become—a Thai-er, or a Thai-ese, or what? It is, I fear, only another sign of the times that in matters like these nations have no consideration for each other. They confound geography and language and all the most precious lessons of childhood without the slightest compunction. It is another sign of the times that Thai celebrates its new title, and I suppose its new national aspirations, by joining in the general smash-and-grab of somebody else's territory.

Beauties of Nature. While man does his best to destroy all that he has artificially created, he discovers new utilities and new menaces in objects of nature which he was apt to ignore. I read a learned article in *The Times* not long ago on the merits of sphagnum moss, of which, I confess, I had never heard before. It appears that this common moss is an excellent antiseptic dressing for wounds, and we are all exhorted to collect it. It looks as if the old herbalist were coming into his own. I always suspected that Friar Lawrence was right in his high opinion of "simples," and that the herbalist was not as great a quack as the Faculty pretended—especially as most of the medicines which the Faculty prescribed were combinations of herbs, and that a large part of the chemist's stock-in-trade were also herbs. Well, this return to nature is perhaps appropriate at present, for, unless there is a change in rationing, we are more likely to get a dinner of herbs, as the Psalmist recommended, than a stalled ox. You don't get much stalled ox for one-and-twopence. Unfortunately, nature does not consist solely of benign herbs, roots and mosses. While one scientist commends sphagnum moss, another, I see, inflames children against the white butterfly, and begs them to annihilate it without mercy as a virulent Fifth Columnist. War on butterflies is a depressing thought, but it has often been noticed, even among the higher animals, that a creature may be pretty and yet a pest. The white butterfly has a perfect right to like potatoes; it is just its hard luck that the great big bully, Man, also likes potatoes. Such is life—and death!



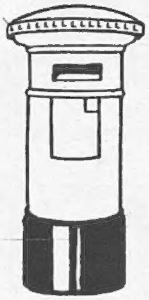
That "Look out" feeling.

DRAWN BY T. S. LEE.

All is Not Gold. With regard to gold (go back *da capo*), you will notice that I have at last reached the subject, though you probably thought that I never would; so, as a matter of fact, did I. As we seem to have got there somehow, I merely wish to make one observation and ask one question. I see that America now has possession of five thousand million pounds' worth of solid gold (or what is called in America, five billions), which amounts to 80 per cent. of the world's total supply. All I wanted to ask was—what on earth is she ever going to do with it? For all that I can see, she might as well pave the streets of New York with it, thus accentuating the resemblance, noted by cynical observers, of parts of that city to the New Jerusalem. But then, as I have already explained, I understand nothing about gold and it may, for all I know, be an enormous advantage to have millions of bars of it lying idle in the cellar.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—I have got a croaking sort of cold and am having a day in bed.

This, as you know, is a tremendous treat, which I spoilt for myself all the morning by a guilty feeling that I should be up and doing, because nobody in wartime ought to stay in bed unless they have actually got pneumonia.

Charles, who dropped in during the morning with a bottle of delicious pink cough-mixture, and to whom I propounded this belief, said he had heard a lot of silly remarks in his time, but that this was the silliest, and wasn't one day in bed better than six weeks' hollow coughing? But that women loved making martyrs of themselves.

So I stopped feeling guilty and began worrying about not being out on such a lovely sunny morning. But at lunchtime Charles came in looking blue and saying that there was a biting wind, and that practically everybody he had met was looking like a sick monkey.

After that, I decided I was wasting a good thing, every bit as much as if I had thrown half a loaf into the dustbin, and settled down to enjoy myself.

All the morning pale yellow sunshine poured in through one window, and in the evening bright golden sunshine poured in through another. The sea was a delicate mother-of-pearl colour, the birds were practising a few simple singing exercises for the spring, Perry was asleep under the eiderdown, and I had a witty and amusing book about the spacious days of Queen Victoria to read. Could another drop be squeezed into my cup of happiness? Yes, it could. Faith came to see me, looking (though I know you won't believe this, Robert) like a sick monkey.

Now a ridiculous round, red sun has sunk into the sea, a few late seagulls have flown across the green sky to their dormitory on the cliffs, an entirely undeserved day of enjoyment has come to an end, and it is time for the black-out.

Sometimes I think the lookers-on have the best of it, and to get the full savour out of life one should take firmly to the sofa early in youth and stay there, like Jane Austen. But Charles says this is the Escapist's creed, and leads to nettle-rash and all sorts of unpleasant diseases, so that one is so busy being ill one has no time to enjoy the sofa.

"Mrs. Savernack on the cliff path."

I am getting worried about Perry's food. Even a little dog like him needs some raw meat occasionally, and he breaks out into a sort of reproachful eczema if he doesn't get it. Now there is talk of dog-biscuits running short, and Charles is beginning to drop hints about Perry being a very old dog and having had a very happy life, and what a shame it would be to keep him alive if he weren't healthy; and the Fear, which has been lurking at the back of my mind for weeks, draws another step nearer.

I don't quite know why we are all so devoted to Perry. If ever there was a selfish, self-centred dog, it is he. Neatly upholstered, as Faith says, in black satin, and with little tan gloves on each paw, he is pleasing to the eye, but there is little real St. Bernard-like nobility about him. In return for our devotion he gives us a grudging affection, and though there is a legendary belief in the family that he is fond of me, I know it is only because I devote my life to his comforts. Aloof and snubbing to our friends, he occasionally fawns upon people we dislike, and he has a disturbing habit of suddenly barking shrilly at nothing, and making us all jump. He has an unaccountable phobia about being trodden upon, and if you so much as touch him with your foot he screams loudly and rushes into a corner, giving any strangers who happen to be present the impression that we are in the habit of kicking him across the room. A firm believer in warmth and a hater of fresh air, he sleeps, winter and summer, with a rug over his head. Fires are lit for him, windows are shut for him, doors are opened to let him in, and then, almost at once, opened again to let him out.

"What fools you do make of yourselves over that dog!" say our guests with scorn.

"Perry?" we say nonchalantly, trying to hide the fact that we are deeply wounded by this remark. "Oh, he's a great character."

"There is little real St. Bernard-like nobility about him."

"Personally, I only like *big* dogs," says the guest. "Alsatians, and so on." And in about twenty-four hours Perry has another willing slave opening and shutting doors for him, giving up the best chair to him, trying to pat him (a thing Perry never allows), and holding him up at the window to bark at the pussies.

Yesterday I met Mrs. Savernack on the cliff path with her Spaniel, her Dachshund, her Cairn, and her Dalmatian. Mrs. Savernack herself was not looking well. She gave up her meat ration to the dogs months ago, and just lately has been giving them her butter and margarine as well. Mr. Savernack says he and the servants have to keep their rations under lock and key. The dogs, I thought, were looking pretty fit.

"How are you managing about Perry's food?" she said.

"Oh, we just order a dead horse for him every week," I said brightly.

"I'm glad you can joke about it, Henrietta," she said, looking at me with cold dislike.

"Come home and have some tea," I said, for I felt sorry for her. "We've still got a little butter."

Mrs. Savernack brightened visibly. "*Have* you?" she said. "Justinian would love a little butter."

"I'm not offering butter to your Dalmatian," I said, "or to any of your dogs. In fact, I think we'll park them at your house on the way home."

Mrs. Savernack sighed, but showed no fight. It was sad to see her so unlike herself.

A little farther on we found some scribbling in chalk on the asphalt path, and paused to look at it.

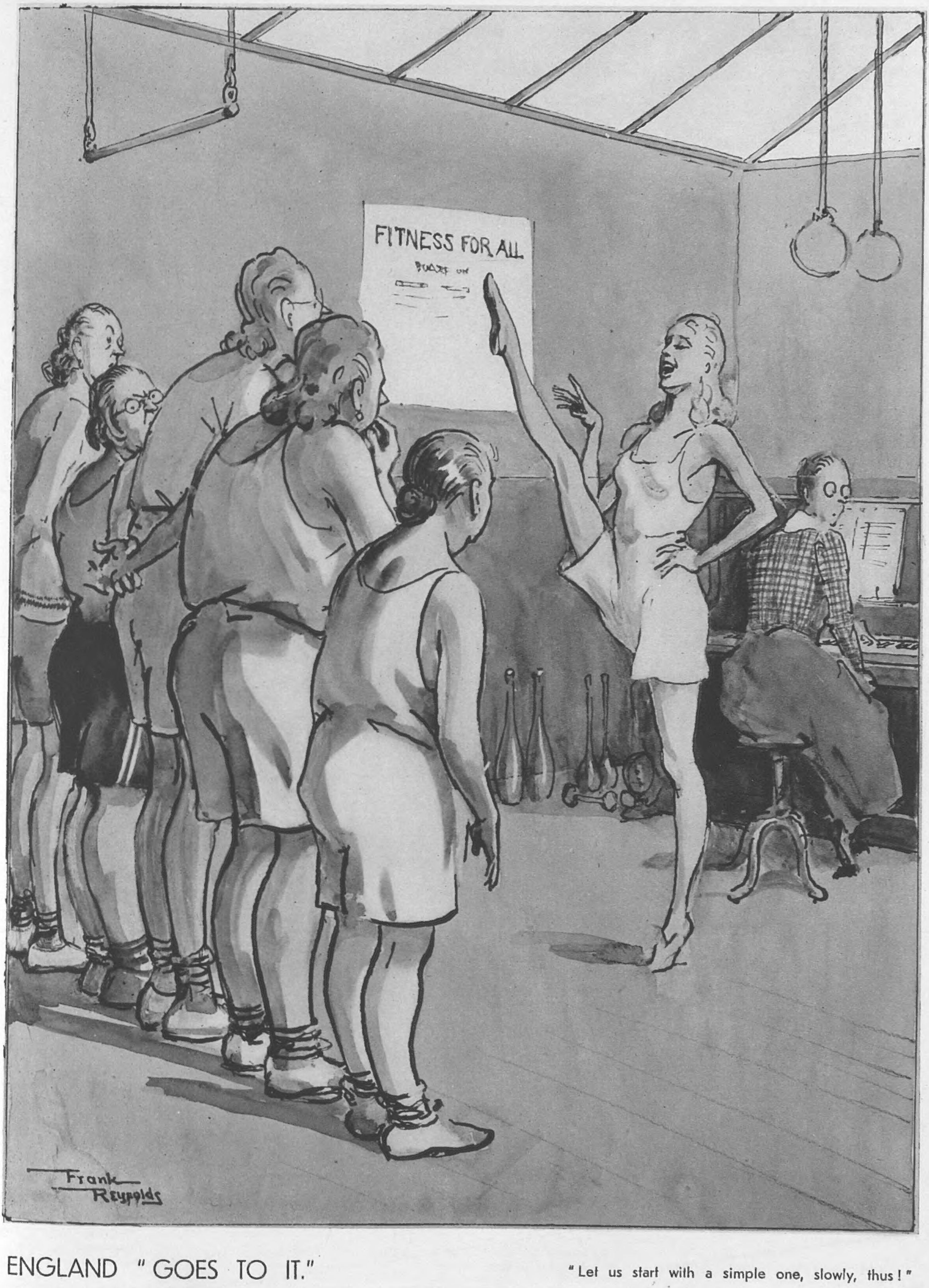
This is what it was—

"That set us up and we had quite a jolly tea."

That set us both up, and we had quite a jolly tea, but I had to stop Mrs. Savernack smuggling a small piece of cherry cake home for Muriel, the Dachshund.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

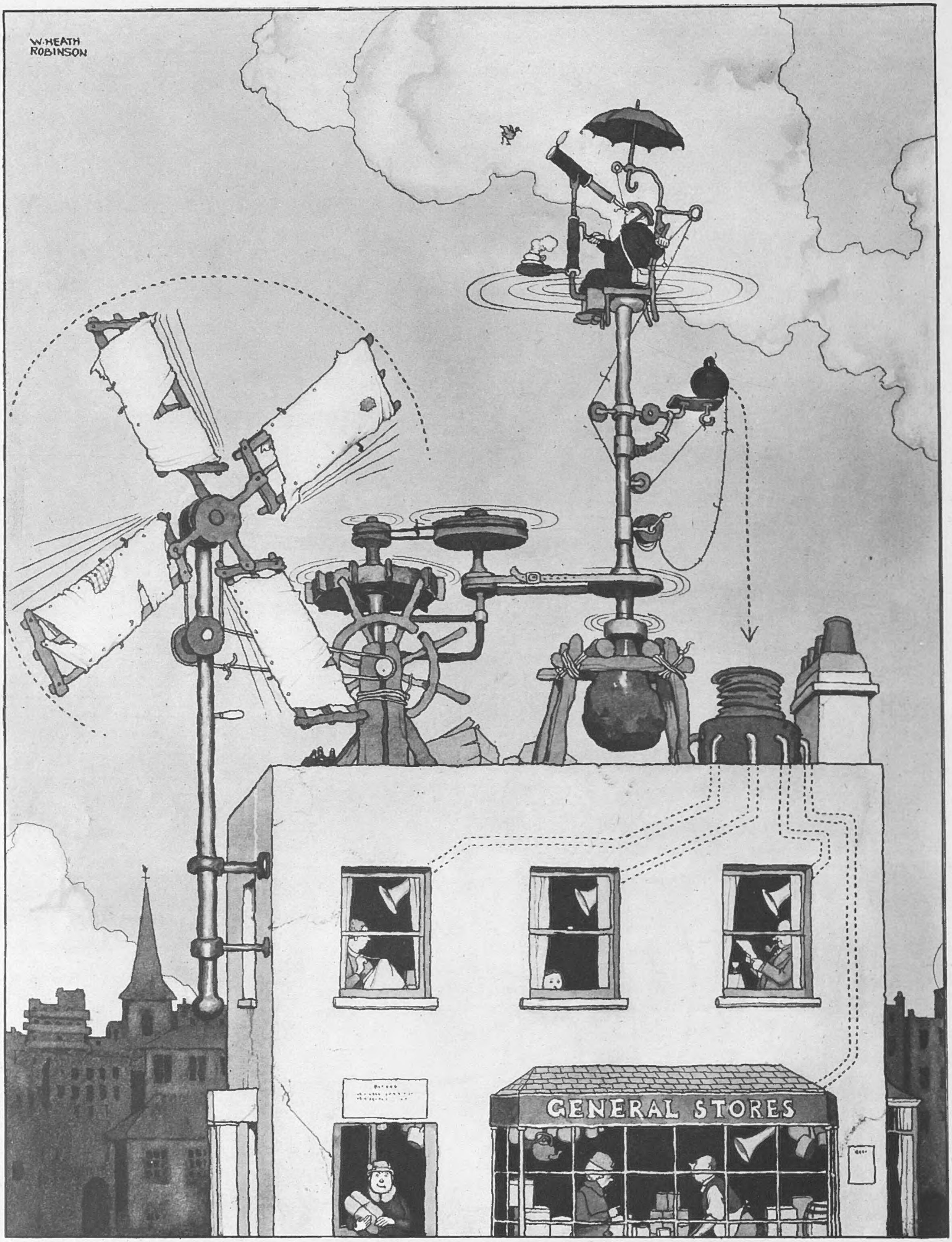
HENRIETTA.



ENGLAND "GOES TO IT."

"Let us start with a simple one, slowly, thus!"

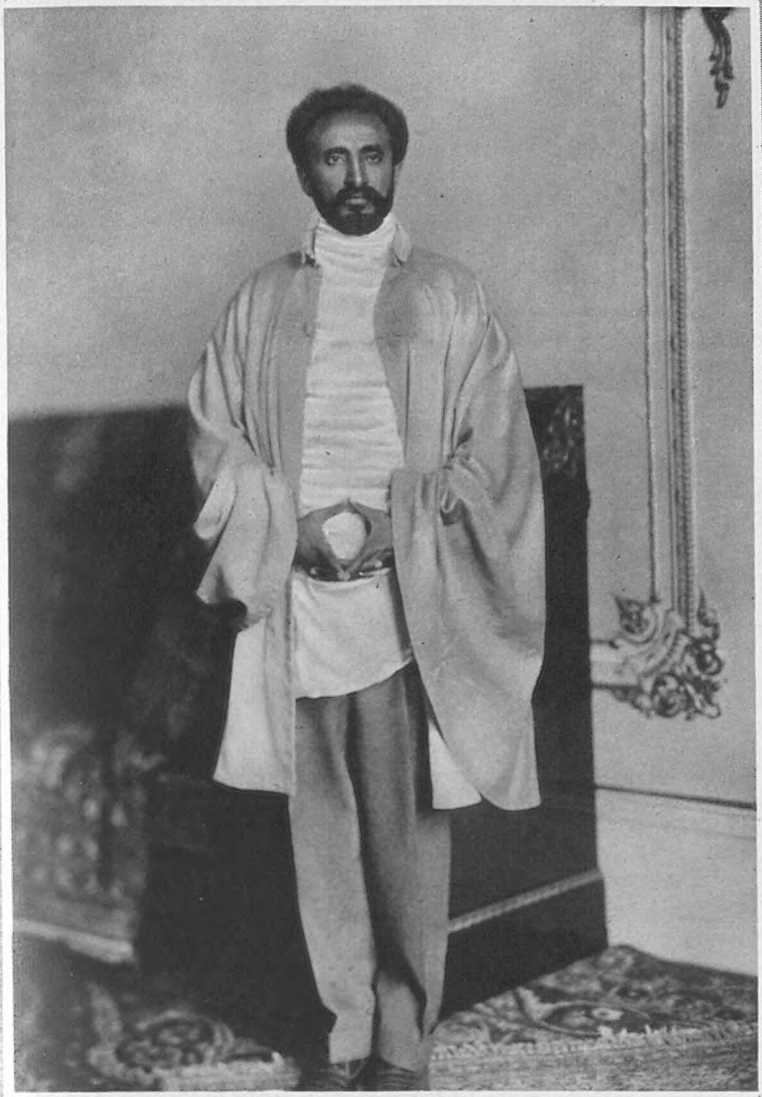
DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



HOW TO MAKE ROOF-SPOTTING A PLEASURE.

The work of the roof-spotter, or "Jim Crow," who sits up aloft to keep watch and ward for business premises, is no sinecure in wintry weather. Here is a W. Heath Robinson invention with umbrella protection, tea-cup holder, and easy-chair features to help one spot in comfort. It is guaranteed to make hours of duty really pleasurable, even in the most inclement weather. The model illustrated is specially designed for small commercial premises.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



DISPOSSESSED EMPEROR WHO HOPES AGAIN.

Another study of the Emperor. He is now in the Sudan, and last week it was stated that the Empress, with her daughters and grandchildren, had left England on the first stages of her journey to join him.

The EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE, *dispossessed of his Empire by the Italians as the result of the Abyssinian War of 1935-36, to-day hopes again. The stirring story of how the standard of revolt against the Italians was raised by a British colonel who carried the Emperor's seal into Abyssinia five months ago has just been told; and our recapture of Kassala, a key outpost eighteen miles from the Eritrean frontier, is a definite threat to the Italian Empire of Abyssinia.*

Right: The EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE *with* PRINCESS TSAHAI, *one of his daughters,* PRINCE ASFAW-WASEN, *the Crown Prince of Ethiopia, and* PRINCE MAKONNEN, *the Duke of Harar. Princess Tsahai worked as a nurse at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children, in London, in 1936.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LENARE.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

PROPHECY in show business is always a rash affair, so I am only going to say that I think — I *think*—I have found a new face on the screen this week with a big future. Said face belongs to a young Dutch actor, one Philip Dorn, and the film in which you will see it is "ESCAPE" (Empire). Mr. Dorn plays a Nazi doctor in a concentration camp. It isn't a very big part that he has. There are far more famous screen personalities in the cast—Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor, Conrad Veidt, Nazimova, star of the silent days. But my impression is that, in spite of all these celebrated people, young Mr. Dorn still has the film in his pocket. I know his was the face and voice that I remembered.

"Escape," from the best-selling novel by the mysterious Ethel Vance, is a romantic melodrama of Germany in 1936. Made in Hollywood, it doesn't seem to me to have a very factual ring, but there are no doubts about its qualities of excitement and suspense. As political propaganda, it isn't in the same class as "The Mortal Storm" or "Pastor Hall." The setting might just as well be Ruritania or Graustark — but it's still a holding picture. Emmy Ritter (Nazimova), once the darling of the German stage, has returned to her native land from America to sell up her home, and disappears without trace. Her son's letters from America are returned "address unknown." Actually, as the moderns say on all occasions, she is in hospital in a concentration camp, a sick woman being kept alive for execution.

Her son, Mark Preysing (Robert Taylor), arrives from America to find her. His inquiries from hotel desks, old servants, lawyers, the police, meet with a blank response. Everyone is courteous, everyone is ignorant, everyone advises him just to go home and stop thinking about it. Even the American-born Countess Von Treck (Norma Shearer), a cool, lovely widow who falls for him on sight, shudders a little at the mention of Emmy Ritter, and urges him to give up the search and go back to America.

"THE MARK OF ZORRO" *(Odeon) has Los Angeles of 1820 for its background, and for its heroine* LINDA DARNELL *as the lovely Lolita Quintero. She is niece to Luis Quintero, a ruthless oppressor who has ousted Alejandro Vega from the office of Alcalde of the city, and is tyrannising over the poor peons. Diego, or "Zorro," son of Vega, the best swordsman in Madrid, returns home rather the fashionable fop, but determined to take his revenge, which he does by masking himself and raiding the administration by night. Hiding one night in a chapel, he meets and falls madly in love with Lolita. As he escapes, she does not betray him, for the romantic figure he cuts has made him her hero. The peons grow more restless under the new Alcalde's exorbitant demands, and it is suggested to Quintero that it would be a good move for the popular Vega's son to marry Lolita. Eventually Diego crosses swords with the Alcalde's favourite, Esteban, whom he kills after a terrific duel. Unmasked and clapped into gaol, he engineers his escape, outwits the cowardly Quintero, and forces him to resign.*

Preysing, rather a dense young man, I fear, but a loving son and a good democrat, keeps on with his quest. Eventually, and quite by chance, he meets the young prison doctor (Philip Dorn) in charge of the Ritter case. The doctor is a good Nazi, but he has a sentimental streak in him. As a boy, he admired Emmy Ritter in the theatre, and the old loyalty still fights with his political beliefs. Sooner than hand over Mme. Ritter to the firing squad, he fakes her death, smuggles her out of the camp in a coffin.

So far, so good. Mark Preysing takes over the coffin for burial. But the road to the frontier is blocked with snow. What shall he do with his mother? Where shall they go? To the Countess, he decides, the sympathetic Countess, who keeps a finishing school somewhere up in the mountains. And this is awkward, as it turns out, for the Countess is sponsored by a sinister General (Conrad Veidt), who is in and out of her villa like a pet mouser.

I won't spoil the story by telling you the end of it. The final scenes are well done, with a mounting sense of excitement. Mr. Veidt, monocled and urbane, has the sort of part in which he excels. "Connie," as the film world calls him, could sell you Beelzebub and make you feel you had a good bargain. But whenever I think of "Escape" I still come back to my Mr. Dorn. In a small, tough part, he stands out stereoscopically from the film. I think that lean young face will soon be a familiar sight in pictures.

There is a new face in "THE TREE OF LIBERTY" (Regal; shortly) too, that I think will presently be well known. This time it 's a child's face, little Richard Lyon's, aged six. Dick Lyon, an English boy, is the adopted son of Ben Lyon and Bébé Daniels. Evacuated to California with the Lyons' own nine-year-old daughter, Barbara, he makes a startling début. He hobbles on to the screen as Cary Grant's son, with an assumed club-foot, and stands there, like an awkward and pathetic colt, stealing the film. He still has the vast and engaging gravity of the amateur. But I 'm sure it won't be long before he is a veteran in pictures.

"The Tree of Liberty" is adapted from one of those long historical novels that are so popular in the United States. With a background of the War of Independence, that major scuffle that preceded Scarlett O'Hara's civil war, it tells the story of a gentlewoman of Virginia (Martha Scott), who marries a tough ranch foreman (Cary Grant), and is torn between love for her husband and loyalty to the old, established order.

The film has a vast, sprawling canvas of war and political campaign. Legendary figures, like Washington and Lafayette, drift in and out of it, and there is a modest version of the Boston Tea Party, with conscientious extras dumping a case of tea into the sea with an inexpensive splash, and *montage* shots of dispatch riders galloping somewhere terribly fast. I am afraid that English audiences, unversed in their colonial history, may have a little difficulty in following just what is happening and why, which of these gentlemen in wigs and knee-breeches are to be admired and which vituperated.

So far as we are concerned, the main appeal of "The Tree of Liberty" lies in its personal story, the struggle to make a "do" of it in marriage

TYRONE POWER *as Diego, or "Zorro," the foppish Madrid swordsman who, masked, terrorises the usurping Alcalde of Los Angeles, leaving behind him for signature in his night raids a jagged "Z" slashed by his sword.*

between a sensitive, well-bred woman and a rough-neck from the backwoods. I must confess that all my sympathies were with Miss Martha Scott, whose husband makes her sleep on sacking, and consistently addresses her as if she were a rather rowdy public meeting. The most touching scenes of the film are those involving the birth and childhood of the first baby, a frail little thing who inherits a club-foot from his maternal uncle. These moments are poignantly done, and it 's rather a shock to find the child growing up later into an insufferable young man who carries dispatches to Lafayette and saves America. I may be callous, I may just not have got the hang of democratic ideology, but the type represented by the adolescent Clubfoot almost persuades me to share his father's belief that he ought never to have been born at all.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

THE WIFE OF OUR AMBASSADOR DESIGNATE TO THE U.S.A.

VISCOUNTESS HALIFAX, C.I., *is the wife of Viscount Halifax, formerly Foreign Secretary, whose appointment to be British Ambassador in Washington was announced in December after this most important diplomatic post fell vacant as the result of Lord Lothian's death. She is the younger daughter of the fourth Earl of Onslow, and was appointed a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen in 1937.*

FREDERICK ASHTON, *in " Façade," a happy ballet whose witty grotesqueries fit the music.*

A peep at the back-stage activities during " The Prospect Before Us," with choreography and scenario by Ninette de Valois.

ROBERT HELPMANN *(left) and* FREDERICK ASHTON *(right) as Mr. O'Reilly and Monsieur Noverre in " The Prospect Before Us."*

The Dance of the Bridegroom in the ballet of " The Wise Virgins," to Bach music.

A general impression of " The Prospect Before Us," or " Pity the Poor Dancers," seen from the stalls.

AN ARTIST VIEWS SADLER'S WELLS BALLE

THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET has made a most welcome return to London. It opened its five-weeks' season of matinée performances at the New Theatre on January 14. On these pages Topolski gives his impressions of ballerinas, *premiers danseurs,* and members of the *corps de ballet* on the stage and in the wings during a performance. The orchestra is replaced by two grand pianos, played by Mr. Constant Lambert, the distinguished composer, who i

DRAWINGS

Scene II. of " The Prospect Before Us," an extremely amusing ballet to music by William Boyce, arranged by Constant Lambert.

An impression of " The Prospect Before Us," seen from the wings, with PAMELA MAY *on the right.*

FREDERICK ASHTON, CONSTANT LAMBERT, *and* ROBERT HELPMANN *(l. to r.; in front), and, in background,* MARGOT FONTEYN *and* PAMELA MAY.

JUNE BRAE, *one of the* premières danseuses, *as she appears in " Harlequin in the Street."*

ON ITS WELCOME RETURN TO TOWN.

musical director, and by Miss Hilda Gaunt. They play so brilliantly that " The Times " critic points out that even William Walton's score in " Façade " loses little of its point by transference to the pianos. The solo dancers, MARGOT FONTEYN, JUNE BRAE, PAMELA MAY, FREDERICK ASHTON and ROBERT HELPMANN, are well-known and extremely talented artists whom London balletomanes are enchanted to welcome back.

OPOLSKI.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

WING COMMANDER GASKELL-BLACKBURN—*for having the only beard in the R.A.F.*

MISS EVELYN HARMER—*for winning the British Empire Medal at the age of 16.*

MRS. JEAN FINDLAY—*for going on duty as a London A.R.P. District Warden with such a cheerful smile.*

SISTER CATHERINE McGOVERN, G.M.—*for rescuing her patients, although herself badly injured.*

MOUSTACHES are allowed in the Army and the R.A.F.—but no beards, except one—that owned by WING COMMANDER GASKELL-BLACKBURN, who obtained special permission to wear it.

MISS EVELYN HARMER, who at the age of sixteen has been awarded the British Empire Medal, is a telephone operator who was employed by a Southampton coal company. During an intense daylight air raid she remained on duty. She has now left her job to marry an R.A.F. pilot officer.

MRS. JEAN FINDLAY is the "dictator" of an area under Ilford, Essex, A.R.P., and controls some 800 wardens.

SISTER CATHERINE McGOVERN, who has been awarded the George Medal, is Assistant Matron at the Royal Chest Hospital. Although badly cut about the face, head and body in an air raid, she continued the work of rescuing the patients, and when unable to walk she was supported round the wards by a police constable, to make sure no one had been left behind. She went through the ruins to each part of the hospital before consenting to leave.

WING COMMANDER L. F. SINCLAIR, D.S.O., G.C.—*for rescuing an air gunner from a blazing 'plane.*

WING COMMANDER LAWRENCE FRANK SINCLAIR, who has been awarded the George Cross, showed complete disregard for his own safety when he dragged the air gunner from a blazing 'plane which he knew contained unexploded bombs.

SQUADRON LEADERS R. G. KELLETT, J. A. KENT and A. S. FORBES, of the Royal Air Force, were recently decorated with the Polish "V.C." for deeds of high gallantry as leaders of Polish squadrons. The medal, the *Virtuti Militari*, the highest Polish award for gallantry, was pinned on each officer's chest by General Sikorski. They have now completed their service with the Polish squadrons and the Command will be taken over by Polish officers.

SQUADRON LEADERS R. G. KELLETT, D.S.O., D.F.C.; J. A. KENT, D.F.C.; *and* A. S. FORBES, D.F.C.—*for the deeds of high gallantry as leaders of Polish squadrons which have won them the* Virtuti Militari.

Tithe Barn, Wokingham, the home of the Hon. Mrs. Claud Corfield, O.B.E., has been transformed into a depôt for Berkshire Hospital supplies. MISS WARD and MISS HILL are expert packers.

COUNTRY HOUSE WAR TRANSFORMATION— PACKING AT TITHE BARN.

The HON. MRS. CLAUD CORFIELD, O.B.E., is the Organiser in the County of Berkshire for hospital supply depôts, and is daily at work in her own home, Tithe Barn.

MISS HILL is here engaged on the task of checking a consignment of 2000 pairs of operation socks.

Right:
MISS CORFIELD, only daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Claud Corfield, at work with MISS ALEXANDER, packing 2500 yards of material.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GILBERT ADAMS.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE SOCIAL FRONT:

MISS CLAIRE LUCE *led Canadian soldiers in Manning Sherwin's song, " When Eagles Fly," dedicated to the R.A.F.'s Eagle Squadron, when she broadcast to the U.S.A. from the Eagle Club.*

MISS ROWENA COMBE *and* MASTER ROBIN COMBE, MISS CAREY COKE *and the* HON. JAMES OGILVY *danced an old-fashioned waltz at the Children's Concert at Cortachy in aid of war-wounded.*

The HON. AUDREY PAGET, *third daughter of Lord Queenborough, is a member of the Mechanised Transport Corps, which is doing such splendid voluntary work in London and the provinces.*

The engagement of FLIGHT LIEUT. PETER A. SIMMONS, D.F.C., R.A.F., *son of Mr. R. C. Simmons, and* MISS NOREEN HELEN ROSEMARY BAILEY, *youngest daughter of the late Sir Abe Bailey and of the Hon. Lady Bailey, D.B.E., has been announced.*

The marriage of PAYMASTER-LT. PATRICK MURRAY, R.N.V.R., *to* A.S.O. DORIS H. GREEN, W.A.A.F., *daughter of Mr. G. H. Green, took place at St. Giles', Edinburgh.*

Captain John Haining, R.A.S.C., nephew of Lt.-General Sir Robert Haining, K.C.B., D.S.O., Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, is engaged to MISS SHEILA MILLAR, *elder daughter of Captain Hans Millar.*

THE HAPPIER AND BRIGHTER SIDE OF WARTIME LIFE.

LORD OGILVY, *son and heir of the Earl of Airlie, wearing Highland dress, gave a Culloden Moor song at the Children's Concert at Cortachy in aid of war-wounded.*

DR. PATRICK DENNIS SPENCE, R.A.F., *of Queenstown, South Africa, the well-known lawn-tennis player, married* MISS JOYCE VALERIE ROBSON *at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Sheffield.* FLIGHT LIEUT. P. MURPHY, *the best man, and the bridesmaids are toasting the bride and bridegroom.*

The infant son of FLYING OFFICER JOHN DE LASZLO *and* MRS. DE LASZLO *was christened at St. Paul's Church, Camberley. Mr. de Laszlo is a son of the late distinguished portrait painter.*

Right: MISS OLGA ELIZABETH BIRCHENALL, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitelegge Birchenall, is engaged to Commandant Pierre Tissier, Légion d'Honneur, Croix de Guerre, of General de Gaulle's H.Q., son of President and Mme. Theodore Tissier.*

SEÑOR DON FELIPE BENAVIDES, *son of H.E. Señor Don Alfredo Benavides, Peruvian Minister in London, is engaged to* MISS ANGELA TOD, *eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel A. A. Tod and Mrs. Tod.*

MAJOR ANTHONY RAINEY, *Royal Marines, younger son of Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Rainey, C.B.E., and of Mrs. Beer, is engaged to* MISS JOAN ROSEMARY WAKEFIELD, *eldest daughter of Mr. W. W. Wakefield, M.P. ("Wakers" of Rugger fame).*

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

DIANA WYNYARD IN "NO TIME FOR COMEDY."

"NO TIME FOR COMEDY," brilliant and wise-cracking play by S. N. Behrman, is on tour and is to be sent round the camps under the ægis of E.N.S.A. before it comes to London. It gives Diana Wynyard and Rex Harrison excellent scope to display their powers for light comedy. The clash of temperaments, the rivalry of two women for one man, and a good deal of witty and sarcastic back-chat take the place of any definite plot, but provide a diverting entertainment.

LILLI PALMER, *as Amanda Smith, wife of a wealthy banker, is the Other Woman in Gaylord Easterbrook's life.*

Between his wife, Linda (DIANA WYNYARD), *and the Other Woman on the telephone, Gaylord Easterbrook* (REX HARRISON) *carries on a difficult conversation.*

The weary and temperamental dramatist returns to his wife, depressed because he thinks he is written out: REX HARRISON *and* DIANA WYNYARD.

Left: ELISABETH WELCH *as Clementine, confidential maid to Linda. Gaylord* (REX HARRISON) *has received some home truths from her and in return gives her both mental and physical admonition.*

Linda discovers that Amanda's husband, Philo Smith (WALTER FITZGERALD), *does not much mind Amanda's affair with Gaylord, but has fallen for Linda herself.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

NEW DAME OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH, *in private life, Mrs. Dion Boucicault, was one of the four distinguished women to be created Dames of the British Empire in the New Year's Honours List. She is one of the finest English actresses of her day. A daughter of the late Rev. Prebendary R. H. Barnes, and sister to Miss Violet Vanbrugh and to Sir Kenneth Barnes, Principal of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, she made her stage début in 1888 as Phœbe in " As You Like It," at Margate. She has charmed audiences in all parts of the world, and has appeared at numerous Command Performances. On June 20, 1938, the Queen attended her Golden Jubilee performance at His Majesty's Theatre, when she appeared in one act each of " The Gay Lord Quex " and " Belinda," and in the one-act play " Rosalind." She will always be associated in playgoers' minds with her work in Pinero plays, but she is a fine Shakespearean actress, and she and her sister Violet recently appeared as Mistress Page and Mistress Ford in Donald Wolfit's production of " The Merry Wives of Windsor." Dame Irene has an exquisite gift for comedy and has during her great career acted with Herbert Tree, John Hare, George Alexander, Charles Wyndham and Arthur Bourchier, to mention just some of the leading actor-managers with whom she was associated. Her work for theatrical charities is well known, and she has long been the President of the Theatrical Ladies' Guild. Her latest patriotic activity is to act as hostess at Sunday* thés dansants *for the troops on London leave.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERTRAM PARK.

GREAT PICTURE OF STEAM AND SAIL, MICHAEL REDGRAVE IN 19TH-CENTURY

" Anne of Liverpool " is one of the bad old emigrant ships known as " coffin ships." A hatch is opened in the hold and the sea comes pouring in. Charles (MICHAEL REDGRAVE) *is back to camera.*

With rough bunks as their only bedding : the miserable quarters provided for the emigrants in the hold of the " coffin ship." Charles is seated in the centre.

Charles is helping Grogan to fetch some water for the emigrants, who are dying of thirst and exposure in their horrible quarters.

The " Britannia " is the first steamship to be owned by the new Cunard Company. Her departure from Liverpool on her maiden voyage is a tremendous event.

MICHAEL REDGRAVE *as Charles MacIver, shipowner who disguises himself as an emigrant in order to investigate conditions.*

" ATLANTIC FERRY," the new Warner Brothers picture now in course of production at Teddington under the direction of Walter Forde, is a thrilling story of the coming of steamships and the passing of one of the worst abuses of the Victorian age—the emigrant " coffin ships," in which men and women were herded together under such conditions that they died like flies. Michael Redgrave plays the hero, Charles MacIver, a young shipowner who

"COFFIN SHIP" AND LINER: DRAMA, "ATLANTIC FERRY."

Charles is here befriending an emigrant woman and her two children and preventing her from being defrauded at the quayside.

A fierce fight aboard the "Queen Mary" between the Purser and Grogan (CHARLES VICTOR).

Grogan is shanghaied aboard the "Queen Mary," a sailing-ship due to make the Atlantic crossing.

CHARLES VICTOR *as Grogan, Charles's seamate in the "Anne of Liverpool," and later his manservant-cum-friend.*

A dramatic crowd scene. The Militiamen hold up a warrant for the arrest of Grogan, who is accused of beginning the fight aboard the "Queen Mary."

travels as an emigrant to investigate conditions and is wrecked in a storm. He survives and returns to England to realise his dream of building steamships to cross the Atlantic in a fraction of the time taken by the old sailing-vessels. A spectacular sequence is provided by the fight between the crews of the old sailing-ship "Queen Mary," and the first steamship, "Britannia," before she leaves Liverpool on her maiden trip.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

Many things are said to be coming to an end now, and among them, perhaps, will be history. Written history, I mean : the record of events. If this happens, two factors may have been instrumental. One is the multitude of evidence, which must daunt the boldest enquirer. And the other is that all this evidence, if the present temper of the world persists, will receive, in many countries, a partisan bias that will make it, if not utterly unreliable, tendentious and misleading. Histories can be and have been written in this spirit, but they have little value, except in some cases as works of literature. Those to whom truth is still a matter of interest will flinch from the awful task of comparing and attempting to reconcile the conflicting views of race-intoxicated historians. The rest will, enthusiastically or resignedly, lend their ears to the voice of the propagandist, and adopt the opinion which, in their hearing, has been repeated most often and in the loudest voice.

Exactly what happened to France in June 1940 is certainly not known now and probably never will be. At the moment, for one reason or other, very little information is available ; later, the advocates on each—on every—side will have had time to prepare their briefs. But a fragmentary glimpse is more revealing than a distorted close-up ; an eye-witness, however handicapped by hurry and danger and fatigue, is a more reliable witness than one whose observations have been hatched in the study.

The Flight from Paris.

Mr. Rupert Downing left Paris on June 12, when the Germans were within twenty miles. He was the last English writer to leave the capital before the Germans occupied it ; and he was actually the last Englishman to cross the frontier into Spain. He and his secretary, Mrs. Hawksley, made the whole 600-mile journey on bicycles—on one bicycle to begin with—aided by an occasional lift ; the Germans were close behind them all the time, and some of the time in the air above their heads, bombing and machine-gunning. Streams of refugees surrounded them. Their main problems were the elementary ones of food and shelter, and these were not easily obtained. Happily the travellers were armed with high spirits which never flagged, no matter how severe the setbacks they encountered. The whole experience makes an enthralling story difficult to put down.

Last week the film version of Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara" (Wendy Hiller as the heroine) was shown to the Navy somewhere in the South, when sailors had an opportunity of seeing a messmate, Robert Newton, in a leading rôle. Before the war he appeared in a number of Charles Laughton films. The group in front of the cinema shows (l. to r.) the MARQUIS DE CASA MAURY, MISS PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD *(who appears in the film),* MISS TANYA PENROSE *(niece of Bob Newton),* GABRIEL PASCAL *(who produced the film),* MRS. NEWTON, *mother of Bob Newton,* MRS. BOB NEWTON *and* MISS DEANS.

Reasons for the French Collapse.

From time to time in the course of his narrative Mr. Downing, who had been engaged in propaganda work in Paris and knows France well, throws out suggestions as to the reasons of the French collapse. They are always interesting, even if none of them is wholly conclusive ; sometimes they seem to be the fruit of a momentary irritation, understandable enough. Both travellers were combative to the point of being choleric ; they did not suffer obstructive officials gladly and had less than no sympathy with the defeatism that was sweeping over France and the opinions that sponsored it. "Hurrah for rage and England !" exclaims the author, after his companion had "jumped to her feet and let out a flood of words concerning cowards and fools who did not know what they were in for." Sometimes he seems a little hasty in his judgments. After all, the fit-looking French officer who claimed to be on sick leave *may* have been ill, not just running away. In one place he suggests that the disintegration of the French people may have been due to their too great interest in food. In another, when a soldier refused to let them pass until they had given him a ten-franc tip, he observes : "And people are still asking themselves why France fell !" Reflecting on the cheerful spirit reigning in Bordeaux when he reached it (the last boat to England had left five days before), he attributes this phenomenon not to indifference, but to ignorance.

The tracery seen in this picture is actually THE BIRTH OF THE BATTLE-DRESS—*250 suits of it. Expert girls trace the cutting marks in chalk, and a cutting machine does the rest. 250 contractors are working full speed on the biggest order for battle-dress ever issued by the Ministry of Supply, and if you like figures, 9000 miles of khaki serge comprising 250 tons of wool will be used to produce 5,000,000 battle-suits and 6,000,000 pairs of trousers.*

The people of France did not lack courage ; they lacked knowledge. That they should have lacked even knowledge of the extent and power of the help given them by the British Empire is a responsibility which must be shared by those at home who fiddled at propaganda while the flame of faith still burned in the hearts of Frenchmen.

In a café he had a conversation with "a fine old Frenchman" who "had seen the soldiers of 1940 on the run" :

> In fairness I pointed out that it was the officers who had cracked first, that the men had been hopelessly let down by a lot of gutless young men with rings round their hats and terror in their hearts. The conversation became general, and opinions to explain the French débâcle wafted to and fro. One held the disaster to be due to the politicians, another to the Army High Command, another to England, another to Russia, another to self-complacency, another to Leopold of the Belgians, another to lack of armaments, another to lack of foresight. There was something to be said for the whole lot. . . .

How difficult it is to arrive at any conclusion. Mr. Downing, though extremely outspoken, never quite tells us what his own view is. He takes his title, "If I Laugh," from Byron's couplet : "And if I laugh at any mortal thing, 'Tis that I may not weep." Rage, as well as humour, helps to keep his tears back : like most commentators on the war, he writes in anger rather than in sorrow. That is inevitable, I suppose ; and we must be grateful to his *sæva indignatio* for inspiring such an entertaining book.

A Yorkshire Feud.

Miss Phyllis Bentley, too, is concerned with a war, but in "Manhold" the conflict is between families and individuals, and it all happened many years ago, between 1720 and 1805, in fact—a long stretch in the history of Yorkshire industrialism. The builder of Manhold was a Yorkshire weaver, an astute business man, but a tyrant and a bully. Sam Horsfall did not deal fairly with his brother-in-law, Ned Gildersome : that was how the feud began, that was why Ned's daughter, Ann, loathed her uncle and accused him first of defrauding her father of a promised partnership and then of leaving him to drown : that was why she vowed revenge. She had wits and cunning and an insatiable thirst for money, but she dramatised herself too much, she lacked the practical ability to profit by her gift for intrigue : it was her beauty that made her dangerous. Her beauty ensnared and enslaved her cousin, Richard, Sam Horsfall's son and, until his father realised where the money might be going, his heir. For the moment Richard had no need of a legacy ; though expelled from his father's firm because of his association with Ann, he was making money as a weaver, but Ann spent it

[Continued overleaf.

"BARON'S BAR" BY THE TANKS.

"BARON'S BAR" *is the Tanks' own pantomime, in aid of the Lord Mayor's Air Raid Distress Fund.* CONRAD SCHUTTE, *an architect in civil life, and* LANCE-CORPORAL JOHN DAVIES, *a peacetime landscape artist, designed and painted the scenery.*

Below: PLATOON COMMANDER ROSEMARY WHITAKER, A.T.S., *leader of the Chorus, holding the make-up mirror for* LIEUT.-COL. G. C. P. PAUL, M.C., *who played Baron Hildebrand Hardupp.*

BANDMASTER A. SWIFT, *musical director;* TROOPER J. PIGOTT, *producer, and formerly business manager to Sonnie Hale; and* TROOPER LINDSAY MOORE, *author and former cabaret producer, with* 2ND LIEUT. GEORGE CHANCE, *stage director, behind.*

The Baron (LIEUT.-COL. G. C. P. PAUL, M.C.) *is seen with Polly* (MISS RACHEL RUTTER) *and Dolly* (MISS FLORENCE FITZPATRICK) *and the Baroness* (CAPTAIN PETER LYON).

CORPORAL ELFREDA BAKER, W.A.A.F., *as the Principal Boy, Frank Fortune, with* MISS PAMELA FOSTER, *"borrowed" artist, as the Baron's daughter, Mabel Hardupp, in one of the scenes of "Baron's Bar."*

Buttons (SERGEANT-MAJOR WARD) *with Polly* (MISS RACHEL RUTTER) *and Dolly* (MISS FLORENCE FITZPATRICK) *and Pots* (LANCE-CORPORAL ELWYN EDWARDS).

"Ssh! It's those men again!" Krieg (TROOPER VERE GREEN), *Blitz* (SERGEANT "GINGER" CONNELL) *and Strafe* (TROOPER NORMAN WEAVER), *the three admirable comedians. The show was produced in the Garrison Theatre.*

Continued.]

like water, and soon Richard was taking refuge from his creditors in Holland. . . . The will which his father made cutting out Richard and his heirs was so complex that it took the Judges of the High Court years to pronounce on its validity: we are reminded of Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Meanwhile, Manhold, neglected, grew increasingly derelict.

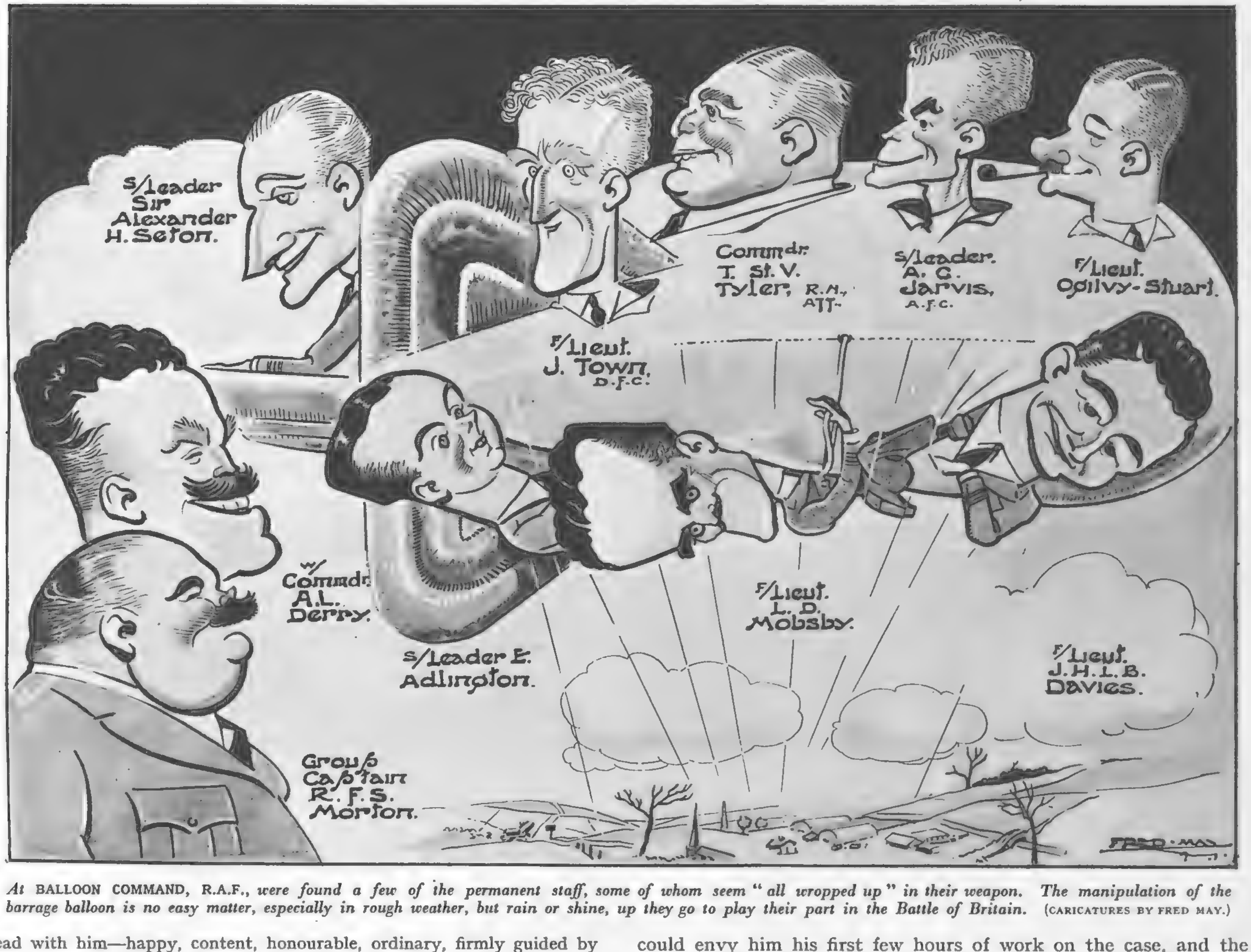
Complex Characters. Ann and Richard are the most interesting characters in a story unusually rich in human material. Weak, lovable, unable to stand up for himself but capable of flashes of courage on Ann's behalf, Richard is a memorable portrait of a man whose good nature is his worst enemy. Ann, though more fascinating, is not quite so convincing. She is portrayed as an example of a warped character; as a little girl she had loved Nature; as a grown woman she loved gold; an almost Elizabethan thirst for revenge had come between her and her true self. Richard was the instrument of her vengeance, but she never loved him; she loved his friend, the uncouth schoolmaster, Collier:

. . . the thought of marriage with him was so sweet she almost fainted beneath its ecstasy. For a moment the vision of such a life as she would lead with him—happy, content, honourable, ordinary, firmly guided by her husband—flashed before Ann; with no revenge to drag at her, she would be free to enjoy the moon, the spring, flowers, birds again; she would be able once more to have pity for the old and love for children. But to give up Richard! To abandon Manhold! She had for so long regarded her poverty as a result of her uncle's crime and therefore to be resented, that wealth had become a kind of duty to her; she felt she would be lacking in spirit, in courage, if she gave up her revenge, resigned herself to an untidy poverty-stricken existence with a wandering schoolmaster, while Richard's wife queened it at Manhold. . . .

Revenge is Sweet? In these days revenge is out of fashion and it is difficult to think of anyone matching their happiness against their duty to get their own back; nor can such an attitude have been common in the eighteenth century, a more civilised age than ours. Still, revenge is a motive universally recognised in literature; without it we should have no Oresteia, no Hamlet, no Monte Cristo; and it provides, in this story, a moment of almost unbearable excitement and suspense: the moment when Ann, with who knows what designs in her heart, is awaiting the coming-of-age of Betty, Richard's daughter by his first wife, and chief obstacle between her and Manhold. It provides also the phenomenon—to us, with our smattering of psychology, easier to credit than its cause—of Ann's mind giving way under the strain of a fixed idea.

At Ann's death the poison of the Manhold inheritance infects other veins before it is finally worked out—a process accompanied by a great many legal technicalities, accurate, no doubt, but obstructive to the current of the story. At the beginning and in the middle it flowed fast and strong: at the end it peters out in a delta, among a multitude of new names which mean little to us. Something of the weariness of the long law-suit gets into Miss Bentley's pen, and clogs it. A pity; for otherwise "Manhold" is a fine novel.

Troublesome Witnesses. Eight-and-six is a high price for a detective story, but even so, Miss Ngaio Marsh's new book, "Surfeit of Lampreys," is a bargain. The multifarious details are worked out with care and exactitude. The casual and eccentric habits of the Lamprey family made it most difficult for Inspector Alleyn to get a clear narrative even from those witnesses whose main intention was to give one. Nobody could envy him his first few hours of work on the case, and the macabre figure of the Dowager Lady Wutherwood, the strange behaviour of the twins, the posing of the stage-struck Frid, and the lies handed out to him by witnesses who should have known better, must have reminded him that "a policeman's lot is not a happy one." No doubt it was a relief to interrogate the eleven-year-old Mike, and this scene is one of the best in the book. Some of the Lampreys show a tiresome tendency to become stage characters, and there are moments when the sound of the rising curtain becomes almost audible, but Michael is always natural. Another good character is Roberta Grey, and her few contacts with London bring its pre-war amenities sharply to our remembrance.



At BALLOON COMMAND, R.A.F., *were found a few of the permanent staff, some of whom seem "all wropped up" in their weapon. The manipulation of the barrage balloon is no easy matter, especially in rough weather, but rain or shine, up they go to play their part in the Battle of Britain.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

BOOKS REVIEWED.

If I Laugh. By Rupert Downing. (*Harrap*; 8s. 6d.)
Manhold. By Phyllis Bentley. (*Gollancz*; 9s. 6d.)
Surfeit of Lampreys. By Ngaio Marsh. (*Collins*; 8s. 6d.)

The third of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT is published in this issue of "THE SKETCH."

CONCENTRATION.

This remarkable study in military concentration shows a soldier of a coastal defence battery of the R.A.—the boys who are on the look-out to stop this invasion—carrying out an extremely delicate piece of work. He is making a trifling, though necessary, alteration to his "can-can" knickers before appearing in a show in aid of local charities. The dresses for this particular entertainment were borrowed for the occasion.

AIR-RAID SHELTERERS. No. 1.—MR. POBCHESTER.*

By WINIFRED DUKE. *Author of "The Laird," "Out of the North," etc.*

MR. POBCHESTER had gone to London on business for his firm, Marshlake and Hoope, the well-known cotton brokers. He disliked having to go, but unfortunately did not happen to be in a position to raise any concrete and satisfactory objection. The senior partner had evacuated himself to the country, the junior partner did not want to leave the firm's business premises: everybody else, in short, except Mr. Pobchester seemed to have some excellent excuse for remaining where he was. Mr. Pobchester received his travelling and hotel expenses, his instructions, and his chief's complimentary insinuation that Mr. Pobchester was exactly the right person to undertake the commission. He did not agree. Mr. Pobchester was fifty-five, fond of his comforts, averse from danger and hazard, and he disliked air raids extremely. Hitherto there had been few on Middlepool, the north of England town where Marshlake and Hoope had their headquarters, but there were plenty on London, and it would be just his ruddy luck, mused Mr. Pobchester sourly, to come in for a corker. Complete with gas-mask, attaché-case, suit-case, umbrella and other travelling impedimenta, Mr. Pobchester voyaged from Middlepool to the Metropolis, arriving, somewhat to his own surprise, unimpaired at the blacked-out terminus.

He picked his way cautiously across the inky platform. The train had been an hour late. There was no time to do anything in the way of business that day. He had better find an inconspicuous hotel, dine frugally, and go to bed. Wartime London did not contain a single acquaintance, relation, or personal friend, and except for very expensive dance places, all forms of entertainment ceased early in the evening. He bumped into somebody, apologised, and succeeded in securing a taxi over the head of a man with a large nose and an extensive and varied vocabulary. Really, this war made people most unpleasant: so ready to take offence and air imaginary grievances. Mr. Pobchester had hailed the taxi first. He had a right to it.

He climbed in, directed the driver to go to Tofts' Hotel, and sat back, peering irritably at the dark pageant of wartime London. This was very wearing. One could see positively nothing. What was that long-drawn noise? Surely not an air-raid warning? He listened, stiffening with apprehension. Yes, the "banshee howl," as our invaluable Prime Minister so aptly described it, was rending the atmosphere. What had he better do? Was it wise to continue his journey, or should he alight and take cover? His panic growing, Mr. Pobchester decided on the latter course. Ultimately he succeeded in attracting the driver's attention, and the vehicle slid to a standstill.

"It 's an air-raid warning. I—I 'm getting out. Where is the nearest shelter?" he panted.

"Down there." A uniformed arm gesticulated vaguely.

Mr. Pobchester descended, seething. Here was he, the bearer of important business commissions, burdened with luggage, expected to negotiate the unfamiliar darkness of these horrible streets in quest of a public shelter. Were such places safe and hygienic? He had read of pickpockets, sneak-thieves, and the disgraceful looting of bombed premises. Cautiously he extracted his note-case, paid the legal fare, added a minute tip, and padded off in the direction indicated by the taxi-driver. His cases were heavy and his pet corn beginning to protest. The sense of imminent personal danger was most unpleasant, and Mr. Pobchester wished fervently that he was safely back in his bungalow at Middlepool.

Other people—vague, blurred shapes—seemed to flit past. An air-raid warden hurried by and Mr. Pobchester bleated faintly that he wanted the nearest shelter. More by good luck than good management, he arrived at it and was shepherded inside. The shelter was crowded already. Women, young and old, predominated. Some had children; others the charge of an older person. There were a few men, and several young couples who found the opportunity ideal for pinching, arm-squeezing, and embarrassingly open displays of affection, usually ending in the girl adjuring her swain to behave himself. "I don't know wot these ladies and gentlemen will think of you, 'Arry—reely I don't."

"Chronic, ain't it?" suggested a fat woman standing next to Mr. Pobchester.

"It is very unpleasant."

"All the same, we 've got to keep our chins up."

"That 's right," chimed in another woman.

"Do they—that is, do these raids last very long?" cautiously hazarded Mr. Pobchester.

"Well, they do and they don't," opined the fat woman. "You can't time that Adolf. Some nights they go on for hours. My married daughter was gettin' back to Croydon last week w'en the warnin' come, and she was stuck in a shelter till next mornin', and 'er 'usband 'ad the fice to ask 'er w'en she walked in wot she 'd been up to."

"Very trying," murmured Mr. Pobchester.

"Oh, we got ter mike allowances," the fat woman conceded. "My son-in-law—well, 'e 's got a nasty, suspicious mind, but this war gets you believin' anything o' anybody. I beg yer pardon, Miss? Caramels? Well, thank you—I won't say no. It 's a bit past the time for me eight-course dinner."

Caramels were handed round. Mr. Pobchester accepted one, meditated eating it, but remembering the expense of repairing his plate, thought better of the proposition. He shifted his weight to the other foot and devoted himself to a furtive study of the faces round him. Most of them were commonplace, typically London, lit from within by the fine, dogged courage which enabled their owners to jest at their present inconvenience and peril, but here and there he noted an outstanding feature or profile. That girl in the green hat was lovely—a willowy, Rossetti type—and the other, carrying a heavy, fretful baby, had perfection in the bones of her small, bleached face. It was a rum world, meditated Mr. Pobchester. Here was this heterogeneous crowd of both sexes, varying types and social standings, alike strangers to one another, herded together in this stark place, unlikely, once the "All Clear" released them, to meet again, and with nothing but a common danger to unite and soften them. He turned his head over his shoulder and found himself gazing at a woman hitherto hidden from him by a tall man who had just moved with difficulty to speak to the shelter warden. Mr. Pobchester's blood seemed congealed to ice and his knees wavered. Was it possible? No. Nonsense! The dead didn't return.

The woman was the image of Lydia. Out of the mists of years—years of successful commerce, a gradual increase of stability with Marshlake and Hoope, and the outward veneer of the respectable owner of the bungalow, the model husband and father—Mr. Pobchester's past, a secret, dreadful, dangerous past, for ever hidden, he fondly hoped, met him face to face in an air-raid shelter. He gaped and tried to tell himself that it was nothing but imagination. Lydia was dead. (None knew that better than he.) How, then, could she be here, dressed in modern clothes, alive, breathing? It could not be Lydia.

"Feeling bad?" a man in a trench coat inquired sympathetically. "They don't ventilate these places half properly."

"It 's—it 's all right, thank you."

"Nasty fright these raids give one. No need to get the wind up, though. You 're quite safe in here."

Was he? The old terror which had crawled at Mr. Pobchester's heels for years, until he persuaded himself that he was safe and unsuspected, reared its head again. Its face was the face of Lydia, the face of the woman who so fearfully resembled Lydia. His mind went back reluctantly over those years until they and the incidents marking them became more real than the menace from the skies outside, the substantial foot of the woman in the siren suit who was standing on his sensitive corn, the blurred frieze of faces pressed close on all sides. He was no longer Mr. Pobchester, the trusted employee of Marshlake and Hoope, dispatched to London on the firm's business, and sheltering from an air raid. In the twinkling of an eye he had been transformed to Henry Pobchester, married clerk, expecting shortly to become a father, and with responsibilities and expenses about which his wife knew nothing.

Lydia was a good-looking piece. She flattered and dazzled him when he was young and had her claws into him before he properly realised it. They went about together, and he supposed that he must have given her the idea that he meant to marry her one day. He hadn't really, but he was ass enough to write her letters which she kept, and before he realised it she was a nuisance, a millstone, a menace shadowing the past, blocking the future. Looked at from this angle, he 'd been a fool. He ought to have told the woman to clear out and stop pestering him, but he lacked the courage. Lydia had a temper, and when she made scenes he couldn't stand up to her. What a row there was when he told her that their association must come to an end, because he was engaged to Rose Temperley! Lydia had screamed and sobbed, and he 'd had the deuce of a time trying to smooth her down.

[*Continued overleaf.*

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

TEAM-SPIRITED STARS IN THE REVIVAL OF "DEAR BRUTUS."

The revival of "DEAR BRUTUS," at the Globe, is an exciting theatrical event. As "The Times" points out, the cast reads like one assembled for a Command Performance, but the stars act with great appreciation of the team spirit. JOHN GIELGUD and MARGARET RAWLINGS are Mr. and Mrs. Dearth. The theme of the well-known Barrie comedy is that the second chance which so many people ardently desire would not change their fate.

Mr. Coade (LEON QUARTERMAINE), with Mrs. Coade (MARY JERROLD) and Joanna Trout (URSULA JEANS).

Left: In the magic wood of "second chances"; Joanna Trout (URSULA JEANS) overhears Jack Purdie (RONALD WARD) making love again to his former wife, Mabel (NORA SWINBURNE).

Lob (GEORGE HOWE), with Lady Caroline (ZENA DARE; standing, left), Joanna (URSULA JEANS) and Mrs. Purdie (NORA SWINBURNE) (l. and r.; in front), Mrs. Coade (MARY JERROLD) and Mrs. Dearth (MARGARET RAWLINGS; right).

Matey, the butler (ROGER LIVESEY), who in the magic wood becomes a millionaire, with URSULA JEANS, NORA SWINBURNE, ZENA DARE, MARY JERROLD (back to the camera), and (right) MARGARET RAWLINGS.

Right: Mr. Dearth (JOHN GIELGUD) as the artist in the magic wood, happy with his painting and his dream-daughter Margaret (MURIEL PAVLOW).

Continued.]

He flattered himself that he had succeeded, when suddenly she showed herself infinitely more dangerous. She was cold and collected, with a nasty look in her eye which should have warned him. Apparently she acquiesced in his decision, and they parted amicably, he foolishly flattering himself that he was rid of her, that she couldn't really do anything, but he soon found out his mistake.

He told Rose nothing. She wouldn't have understood, and it was better to let sleeping dogs lie. They were married, and a week later he received the first of Lydia's missives. He could see her large, slanting, dashing handwriting now, and the vulgar blue notepaper she affected. The letter contained no threats, no hint of blackmail or extortion, but she asked him to meet her, and he dared not refuse.

He never forgot the little teashop in a common part of Middlepool, the wilting fern in the centre of the table, the hastily-damped and ironed cloth, the indifferent service, the tasteless cakes. Lydia was like a cat, warm, purring, but hiding her claws until the moment came to scratch. At first he stood up to her, blustered, told her that this meeting wasn't to form a precedent, and he flattered himself that she understood, when suddenly . . .

The shelter floor rocked beneath Mr. Pobchester's boots as he recalled Lydia's low-voiced proposition. She wanted them to go on seeing each other. Pretty good, that ! It meant that he 'd never be rid of her, never feel certain when she wouldn't write or turn up at his house or make a scene in Marshlake and Hoope's. (Old Marshlake was a Quaker and as strict as a monk.) She was smiling at him, her mouth curling up in a wide curve that tantalised and maddened. What a fool he 'd been not to defy her, to tell her to do her worst, to cast off her clinging hold ! As it was, he temporised and, of course, after that Lydia had him, body and soul.

They used to meet regularly. When he was sent on business for the firm, Lydia would turn up and they had a week-end together. He kept Rose from suspecting by telling her that he was extra busy, doing some job on his own that brought in more money, and she guessed nothing. At first it wasn't too bad. After Rose, fatly admiring, amiable to the point of imbecility (she was still ; even the war hadn't changed her), Lydia was as good as a tonic. You never knew what sort of a mood she 'd be in. Sweet as sugar at first, and then some little thing would upset or vex her, and before you could tell what was happening she 'd flare out. After a time he got to take no notice, but it wasn't comfortable. She was jealous, too, always asking questions—what Rose was like, what they did together, and so on. A man liked his married life to himself, but Lydia seemed determined to know every detail. He remembered the way she 'd flush and her eyes half-shut, and then she 'd say something in that purring, drawling voice of hers, usually something sharp and cutting and uncomplimentary to Rose. A dozen times a day he wished that she 'd marry some other chap and take herself off, but for all her good looks and the trick she had of buttering you up so that you felt no end of a dog, she didn't seem to pull it off with fellows. Maybe they were afraid of her temper. Lord ! The scene she made in that commercial hotel the night he 'd slipped down for a spot of something and she caught him in the bar, talking to the barmaid ! Why shouldn't he ? Lydia told him why he shouldn't, and it was pretty awful. In the train on the way home he 'd half a mind to tell Rose everything, but she was expecting a baby and quite nervy and upset enough, without hearing what he 'd been up to.

Things dragged on after that. Lydia behaved herself a bit better, but she wouldn't let him off—not she ! Mr. Pobchester lost himself in a sullen reverie, remembering scenes, tantrums, threats, all against the increasingly uncomfortable background of his home-life. He found the expense of the two of them, Rose and Lydia, a good bit of a strain as well, and more than once Rose looked at him in a funny, puzzled way when he said he couldn't afford something for the baby that she 'd set her heart on. It was beastly having to refuse, but Lydia was growing increasingly rapacious and dangerous, and he suspected that she drank more than was good for her. She wasn't sober when——

Gosh, this place was pretty hot ! He jerked himself back to reality and saw the faces near him, haggard and tired, and heard a buzz of meaningless talk. Two women just behind were comparing prices. " Profiteering, that 's wot I calls it. My sister-in-law at Ealing paid sixpence less." " They say you can make a fuss, but I never was one for filling in forms and getting other people into trouble." " That 's right."

The world had changed to this strange, fearful globe, so that it was well-nigh impossible to look back and remember the peace of times before the war. He saw himself, spruce, bowler-hatted, setting off for his three days at Cranforth on behalf of the firm. Rose's mother was staying with her. He 'd put off Lydia with some tale of not knowing where he was going or when he 'd be sent, and she seemed satisfied. It was a bit of heaven to sit in a smoking-carriage and not see her flamboyant presence opposite and to know that he 'd have three days without her. They were no end of a good time, meeting some jolly chaps after business was done, and getting off with a girl in a tobacconist's who came with him to the Pier Pavilion and gave him something to think about. At the end of the visit he caught a late train and had just settled himself and his belongings nicely, when the door swung open and Lydia stumbled in.

He 'd never forget her—flushed, blowsy, untidy, reeking of cheap scent and cheap gin. She 'd had just enough to be dangerous, he could tell. She flounced down on the opposite seat, and before he 'd time to grab his stuff and make a bolt the train started. It wasn't a corridor one, and the first stop was two hours away.

She set off before they were clear of the station. There was nothing he could do. For two hours he 'd have to endure her raucous abuse, listen to her vulgar threats, and God knew what she 'd be up to when they got to Middlepool. It seemed that she 'd followed him, spied on him, and was beside herself with fury and jealousy. If she hadn't told him plump and plain that she 'd go to Rose and tell her not only about herself but about that girl at Cranforth he mightn't have done it. Across the years he could hear her voice.

" I 'll not have it ! I tell you straight, I 'm coming up to-night and I 'll see your wife ! "

" That you shan't ! "

" I shall ! "

" You won't dare ! I 'd kill you first ! "

The train roared into the long tunnel between Kirby Ghyll and Manport. They never put on the light. The compartment was as black as ink. Sulphurous smoke surged in and she yelled at him to shut the window. He edged over and grabbed hold of her, forcing her backwards towards the door. . . .

Suddenly the lights in the shelter went out. The place was plunged into night. Women screamed and Mr. Pobchester's nerve went. He saw himself in the windy aperture of the open carriage doorway, and then, turning to grope frantically for umbrella, handbag, newspaper, anything which might show that there had been someone besides himself in the compartment. He flung them out into the tunnel's darkness as he had already flung——

" It 's a lie ! " he screamed. " A lie ! I didn't push her ! She fell out ! I tell you she fell out ! "

The lights were on again. Faces turned towards him, bewildered, alarmed. A woman said soothingly, " Batty, poor chap, I expect." The other woman, who reminded him of Lydia, was looking at him. Screaming, Mr. Pobchester plunged out of the shelter. A bomb fell just as he hurtled across the pavement. He was the only casualty, and as a girl sporting mauve lipstick and a puce pixy-cap remarked to her escort, it wouldn't have happened if he 'd had the sense to stop inside.

" That 's right."

" Wonder what on earth he meant ? Who fell out ? "

" Dunno. Perhaps he was confessing a murder."

THE END.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This Periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s. ; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade ; or affixed to or as a part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

"SINBAD THE SAILOR" *is the Royal Army Ordnance Corps' own pantomime, and was produced with great success by a station somewhere in England. Here the Rajah of Zong* (GEORGE JONES, R.A.O.C.) *is surrounded by the beauties of his harem.*

Left: The whole cast, with Princess Zaidee (JOAN PALETTE), *Sinbad* (JOAN HARNDEN, A.T.S.), *the Rajah, the Old Man of the Sea* (JOHN B. WHITE, R.A.O.C.), *the Good Fairy Persevera* (THELMA LILLWALL, A.T.S.) *seated in the centre of the second row.*

PANTO. BY ORDNANCE AND A.T.S.: "SINBAD THE SAILOR."

Right: This group includes the Old Man of the Sea, Captain Bligh-Hook (LIONEL OSBORNE), *Sinbad, the Princess, the Good Fairy, and other important characters. The scenery, properties and the stage itself were all "home-made," having been designed, painted and built at the station. The company had only a few weeks in rehearsal, but produced a first-class show.*

WOMEN IN WARTIME

BRITISH woollens, always the mainstay of our great textile tradition, are adapting themselves to wartime conditions. New lightweight worsteds and fine wool meshes are being woven in Scottish mills for the overseas market. Cumberland is producing its typical multi-coloured check tweeds in new spring shades, and Wales suggests using striped Welsh flannel shirting for summer tailormades. This fabric, incidentally, is practically unshrinkable. Yorkshire sends the dressweight woollen fabrics that the Americans like so much for their spectator sports dresses. And so "Wool Goes to War."

COATS IN THE NEWS

CLOTHES must be flexible this spring, ready to wear in town, in the country, and all through the day. A tailored tweed coat is a practical standby in all weathers, and can be made to look different with various accessories. Harrods of Knightsbridge have the coat below, checked in two shades of blue, with large flap pockets and wide revers. This is only one of a good collection, in various colours and at moderate prices.

FURS are rising steadily in price, but those houses which hold large stocks of skins can still show models at a moderate cost. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have an attractive collection of coats free of purchase tax. Their model above is beautifully worked in very fine nutria, with a full, swinging back and wide sleeves, shown more clearly in the photograph at the top of the page. Another individual point is the lightweight red woollen lining, gay and glowing for the cold weather. The hood, also lined in red, can be thrown back and worn as a collar on sunny days.

Made to Order

at Special Prices
Until Feb: 22

Despite the increase in cost of materials and labour, we are glad to be able to offer to our customers again this year the opportunity of

REDUCED PRICES
for
DRESSMAKING AND TAILORING
(In the Court Dressmaking Workrooms)
quoted on all orders placed
BEFORE FEB. 22nd
DRESSMAKING from $10\frac{1}{2}$ gns.
TAILORING from $12\frac{1}{2}$ gns.

This is a charming design in a fine novelty wool with original motifs on piqué, which is repeated at the neck; flat godets form a graceful skirt.
From
Made to order 12 gns.
(Model Gowns).

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams, Ltd.)

Saving Grace....

Here is a hint for fashionwise, yet frugal folk. Choose no other stockings but Bear Brand. For they will give you all the delicacy and beauty that your heart could desire. But they will also give you such a long life that they will save you pounds and pounds over the year.

Bear Brand
STOCKINGS

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"ASLEEP? Not me, Sir. I may have been indulging in somewhat profound reflection——"

"I distinctly heard a snore," said Our Stroller.

"That was an Alert. And if you had been fire-watching on the previous night, you might not be feeling particularly incendiary yourself."

"In the last war," Our Stroller recalled, "I was called up in the final batch. At that time, I was not quite forty-four. They turned me down for what the three vets. called cardiac affection."

"With a complaint like that," remarked the broker, "a Stock Exchange life would have killed you ten years ago. You couldn't have stood our wear and tear, my boy."

"Where does the strain come in?"

"Partly in answering clients' questions that have nothing to do with stocks and shares——"

"Are you going over to the House?" asked Our Stroller affably. "If so, I would like to walk across with you."

The broker hauled himself out of his chair.

"The Oil Market seems to be doing a spot of trade," Our Stroller observed. "What are the favourites now?"

"Oh, the usual things: Mex. Eagles, Canadian Eagles, Shell and Persians. The others also run."

"I gave more for my Shells," said Our Stroller, examining the prices on a board. "But they look to me worth keeping. I don't hold Eagles. Ought I to have some?"

The broker turned to a jobber in the market. "What's the right thing to do with Eagles?" he enquired.

The jobber shrugged his shoulders. "Mex. are a gamble," he replied, "and the price depends upon Mexican politics. At the moment, the President seems to be fairly friendly."

"And Canadian Eagle?"

"I prefer them to the Mex., I must say. The Company can't help doing well with its oil-tanker interests. The price has had a goodish rise, though. Wish I knew what to tell you."

"There you are, Sir," said the broker to Our Stroller. "That's the opinion of only one man in this market of a hundred jobbers, but I think the others would tell you the same sort of thing. Let us try."

He put the query to another dealer, who expressed substantially a similar view.

"And Shells?" said the broker.

"Keep Shells. Keep all the good oil shares. Investments, they are: investments. For now; and for after the war as well."

"Even investments can give you a nasty kick at times. I thought that Gas, Light and Coke stock was perfectly safe."

"It's safe enough, but if you don't get a final dividend for this year on the ordinary stock, you must be prepared to wait for quieter times."

"I don't wish to wait. What I want is income. Some of the companies whose shares I hold, don't seem to realise that fact."

"Highly inconsiderate of them. But dividends and share-values at this present time are liable to be very misleading. Ask the director of any Trust Company, and see if he doesn't agree with me. Some of the companies won't attempt to value their assets, with prices and dividends so erratic as they are to-day——"

The junior Home Railway stocks give you nearly ten per cent. on your money," a dealer in that market put in.

"You can get more than that in the Rubber Market," a broker added.

"Aren't people buying Railway stocks and rubber shares to bring up the interest on their National War bonds and Defence certificates?" Our Stroller rather rashly asked.

The Stock Exchange men regarded him a little curiously. One of them walked to the adjacent waiter's stand, and Our Stroller looked sharply round for the nearest exit. But the broker merely took a wire, and the waiter snapped off the light in the electric indicator. Our Stroller breathed again.

"Weren't you asking if people are buying high-yielders to compensate for the low rates on War Loans?" a broker asked him.

"I was, Sir."

"Well, you'd expect them to, but funnily enough, I find there's more enquiry for Industrials: Imperial Chemicals, Reckitts, Turner and Newall—that kind of thing."

"That is my experience too," another broker confirmed. "Five per cent. on their money is enough to satisfy any number of people. You'd think they would want more than that, wouldn't you?"

"The ordinary man isn't too keen on Home Rails. He isn't over-fond of rubber shares, either. I suppose he doesn't trust the present price of rubber very far. Personally, I think it's O.K. for the next two years. That should be good enough for most people."

"Not if they think there's a fear of a slump afterwards. But who on earth can tell what will happen in two years' time? Take your ten per cent. and be thankful, say I."

"That's your way of looking at it. Other people prefer to keep their capital safe, even if it means accepting a lower rate of interest. Two different angles of view, you see."

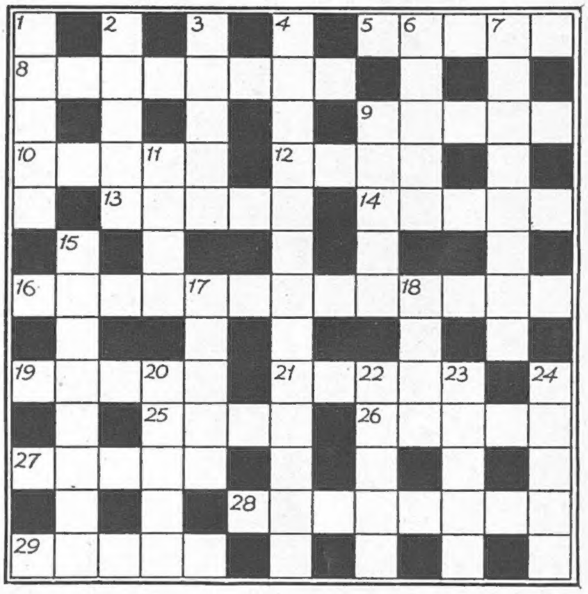
"And I'm for Safety First every time," a hearty voice exclaimed. "Three per cent. Savings and Defence Bonds are good enough for me. Your capital remains intact; your country gets its munition money, and you sleep soundly at night, air raid or no air raid."

The broker linked his arm into that of his client. "We may as well," said he. "I told my wife this morning that I'd put another hundred into her Savings Bond book. You'd better do the same for yours: it's a smack in each eye for the Jerries, and you won't miss yours, you know."

"So long as the Jerries miss me," replied Our Stroller, "I'm going on with this business of saving. Where's the nearest Post Office? Lead on, Macduff, and damn'd be he that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

Friday, Jan. 24, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.



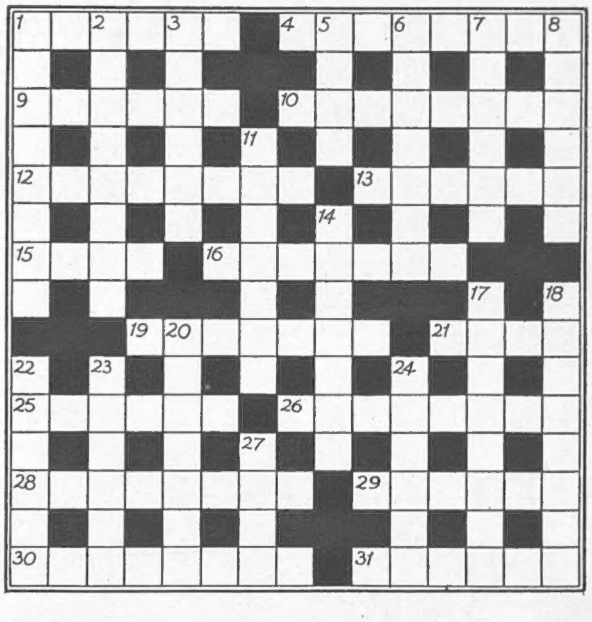
ACROSS.

5. Would the acquisition of such a horse take the whole of your salary? (5).
8. Relations who, in certain circumstances, might not be related (8).
9. Not exactly a far-away expression, by the sound of it (5).
10. The weight of this part of the atmosphere is just one ounce (5).
12. This might be taken as a ban on the vote, in a way (5).
13. Short, in a sinister sense (5).
14. Musical directions which are not sound, so to speak (5).
16. A little discourse which might involve a slight difference of opinion (four words; 4, 1, 3, 5).
19. This work, while actually done in play, is only creative in parts (5).
21. Good value should be obtained at this well-known establishment (5).
25. The sort of bathing-place in which a heathen deity might be seen (4).
26. Practice in the making of sausages (5).
27. A very bad sort of fellow—in fact, you might say he was d—— bad! (5).
28. It means nothing to the sportsman (two words; 5, 3).
29. One way to make sure of getting a letter! (5).

DOWN.

1. A High Churchman (5).
2. This worker is never paid, but never goes on strike (5).
3. Would you be inclined to do this when this appears—say, at Christmas-time? (5).
4. Something to look forward to after the war (three words; 5, 3, 5).
6. No ace will be found in such a craft (5).
7. The time, no doubt, to be assured of a smooth passage (8).
11. Like the Athenians of old, they were ever seeking for some new thing (hidden; 4).
15. H——, no, Uncle!" (anag.) (8).
17. A month in Capri, ladies and gentlemen, might help you to solve this (5).
18. Even the healthiest throats have this growth in them (4).
20. The colour of Rome possibly (5).
22. Relics of the Past in Peru; *in situ*, as it were (5).
23. Did the art of transposing render Haydn so? (5).
24. Would she be likely to wear herself out, do you think? (5).

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

1. Imposing part of the twelve months (6).
4. The sort of trouble that should weather the storm (8).
9. Your strong suit (6).
10. Hesperus, *e.g.* (8).
12. Those who are not in favour around the pit provide the candidates (8).
13. Electrical Anglo-French confession of fatherhood! (6).
15. See 21 (4).
16. The shortest route to the hive? (3 hyphen 4).
19. Caps set in more than one position (7).
21. The parish priest who has a soft job after 15 (4).
25. This is a puzzle (6).
26. Gaps torn in form that might interest singers (4 hyphen 4).
28. Flying gulps (8).
29. Skill in a watering-place in Greece (6).
30. Lack-lustre hair, perhaps, but useful to the sleeper (8).
31. "We are Seven" they might fittingly say (6).

DOWN.

1. To cause amazement in an equally fashionable manner? (8).
2. A fellow surrounded by fruit is a lover of good fare (8).
3. Indolent young lady without point! (6).
5. Roguish (4).
6. The janitors reveal a Welsh headland in the river (7).
7. Time-piece for a man of the chase (6).
8. One who carries strong drink (6).
11. Begun again (7).
14. 22's stage associate (7).
17. The despot has a motor-car and a broken cart (8).
18. Twilled cloth insect in the constabulary (8).
20. Piece of embroidery—or he may make tests (7).
22. Black Samuel has been thrown overboard (6).
23. The Athenian judge suggests that the question is decided (6).
24. The principal sort of pastel (6).
27. These are boring things (4).

BROWNING ON BRIDGE : DCCCLXXXIV.

OBVIOUS TRUMP PLAY.

THE examples given are of necessity exaggerated, and the cards given high denomination just to show them as winners. The blank hands don't matter—they are out of the game, dead! The situations are but typical of what often crop up in ordinary hands, and the lie of the adverse cards is pretty well known from the earlier play. Spades are trumps, and South is the declarer in every case.

The commonest of all problems is when to draw the last (and winning) adverse trump—the play as a rule is obvious. How many players are there who can differentiate between the two cases? They don't seem to use up any "grey matter" in this end-play—a pity, for it is a profitable exercise.

(1)

N: Spades—None. Hearts—A, K, Q, x. Clubs—x.

E: Spades—A. Hearts—x, x. Clubs—A, K.

W

S: Spades—K, Q. Hearts—x. Clubs—x, x.

(2)

N: Spades—None. Hearts—A, K, Q, x. Clubs—x.

E: Spades—A. Hearts—None. Clubs—K, Q, Kn, x.

W

S: Spades—K. Hearts—x. Clubs—A, x, x.

(1) It looks tempting to lead a trump here. The loss, however, would be three tricks; if the heart is led, South loses only one trick. (2) Now here there seems little inducement to lead the last trump; yet a heart lead will lose three tricks; the trump lead loses but one, and that one must be lost in any event. How simple, how absurdly obvious, you will say! It is: so, my dear average player, look out for these conditions when next you play a hand with trumps. Probably then it will be equally simple and obvious.

Now here is a slightly different proposition—

(4)

N

W E: Spades—A, x. Clubs—A, K, Q.

S: Spades—K, Q. Hearts—A, K, Q.

(5)

N

W E: Spades—K, Q. Clubs—A, K, Q.

S: Spades—A, x. Hearts—A, K, Q.

In these cases South knows there are two trumps out against him, but he can't tell if they are divided, or both lie in one hand. Suppose South chances the trump lead and finds these two trumps as in (4), he will make exactly one trick. If he leads his hearts, he must make three tricks, no matter how the adverse trumps lie. The play here is a matter of the score: that is, if South needs four more tricks for contract, and is not doubled, he is entitled to lead a trump and gamble on the fall; he can, at most, be three down, so the odds are in his favour. If he needs less than four tricks, he should, of course, play for safety and lead hearts (probably at duplicate he would lead a trump anyhow, as an overtrick may decide the whole business. This proves what a silly game it is.) (5) Here clearly South will lead the ace of trumps; he can only lose one trick, however the adverse trumps are divided.

This was the hand set up last week—

N: Spades—A, 5, 4, 3. Hearts—Q, 10, 8. Clubs—Kn. Diamonds—Kn, 9, 8, 7, 2.

W: Spades—K, Q, 7, 6, 2. Hearts—9, 7, 6. Clubs—6. Diamonds—6, 5, 4, 3.

E: Spades—Kn, 10, 9, 8. Hearts—5, 4, 3. Clubs—Q, 10, 9, 8, 7. Diamonds—10.

S: Spades—None. Hearts—A, K, Kn, 2. Clubs—A, K, 5, 4, 3, 2. Diamonds—A, K, Q.

Hearts are trumps. West leads the king of spades; South makes grand slam. This is an amusing hand, for the play breaks what may be called the very first principle of trump management. The strong instead of the weak hand does the ruffing; the weak hand pulls the trumps. North wins trick one, South throwing a diamond. Then (2) North leads another spade, South ruffing with the king; and (3) leads a diamond; (4) the knave of trumps, overtaken by North's queen; and (5) another spade led, ruffed with the ace; (6) the two of trumps is led, North wins and leads his last trump, on which South sheds his last diamond. The rest of the tricks are won with North's diamonds and the ace, king of clubs.

SOLUTIONS OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLES, JANUARY 22.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Satyr. 4. Cobra. 9. Hustled. 10. Benison. 11. Eleven. 14. Pelota. 15. Recover. 16. Date. 17. Idol. 18. Selfish. 19. Reed. 21. Aria. 24. Girding. 26. Spaces. 27. Thread. 30. Edition. 31. Set Fair. 32. Eases. 33. Roost.

DOWN.—1. Suspect. 2. Teller. 3. Rude. 4. Cube. 5. Banter. 6. Abscond. 7. Shield. 8. Entail. 12. Nemesis. 13. Confide. 14. Peasant. 19. Roster. 20. Evasive. 22. Re-enact. 23. Adders. 24. Genius. 25. Ghetto. 28. Onus. 29. Tsar.

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Swells. 5. Alight. 10. Henbane. 11. Rampage. 12. Washer. 15. Fitter. 16. Redpoll. 17. Rare. 18. Anil. 19. Barrage. 20. Cast. 22. Grub. 25. Relater. 27. Allies. 28. Dolent. 31. Orisons. 32. Ruthene. 33. Tender. 34. Strike.

DOWN.—2. Windsor. 3. Leader. 4. Smee. 5. Airs. 6. Ismail. 7. Hearten. 8. Shower. 9. Petrel. 13. Rebates. 14. Spartan. 15. Flagged. 20. Charon. 21. Saltire. 23. Rye-peck. 24. Batmen. 25. Record. 26. Router. 29. Iser. 30. Arts.

THAT COLD is a case for VAPEX

Don't yield to invading cold germs. Attack their breeding places, at the back of nose and throat, with Vapex. A drop on your handkerchief provides a pleasant, powerful, penetrating, antiseptic vapour, deep-breathed to destroy germ colonies. Stuffiness and congestion are quickly relieved; entire respiratory system is stimulated to dispel cold naturally—safely.

From your Chemist, 2/3 and 3/4 including Purchase Tax

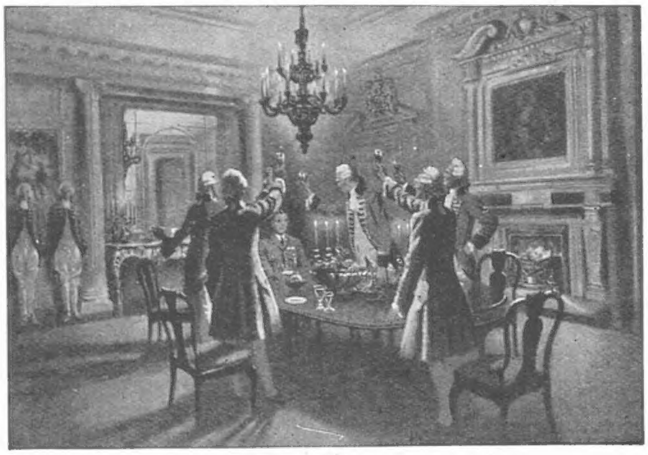
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V208

THE NATION CANNOT AFFORD COLDS

Keep on buying 3% Defence Bonds

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR



"GENTLEMEN, THE ROYAL AIR FORCE!"

By D. L. MAYS

IN RESPONSE TO SO MANY REQUESTS, THIS APPEALING PICTURE, WHICH WAS REPRODUCED IN "HOLLY LEAVES," HAS NOW BEEN PUBLISHED IN SEPARATE FORM

Special printed copies in full colour on plate sunk chromo art paper. Ready for framing. Size of picture 17"x12" with 1½" margin.

Price 5/- each, including inland postage. Postage abroad 1/- extra

Orders with remittance should be sent to

THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD.

23-24 FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

THE SKETCH IN WARTIME

OWING to the paper shortage it is essential to place a standing order with your newsagent to make sure of getting your copy of "THE SKETCH" each week.

By a Paper Control Order, the output of British paper is drastically restricted and all publications are compelled to exercise the strictest economy, and in future no periodicals can be stocked for casual sale. It is therefore imperative to place an order for your copy each week.

Those desiring to have "THE SKETCH" sent to friends in neutral countries should send a subscription to The Publisher, Illustrated London News & Sketch Ltd., 32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription rates are given hereunder :—

Published at 1/- Weekly.

	Twelve months, including Xmas Number.	Six months, including Xmas Number.	Six months, no extras.	Three months, no extras.
Inland	£ s. d. 3 3 0	£ s. d. 1 12 9	£ s. d. 1 10 6	s. d. 15 3
Canada	£ s. d. 3 0 8	£ s. d. 1 11 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Elsewhere Abroad	£ s. d. 3 6 6	£ s. d. 1 14 6	£ s. d. 1 12 0	s. d. 16 0

The above terms are inclusive of postage.

from LONDON!

A PRESENT FROM LONDON . . . the city that stands and suffers that the world may be saved from slavery.

To a friend far away, no other paper in the world can mean so much as a weekly copy of The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

What a gift! So easily given, so easily sent. A gift of wide horizons that will enable your friends to see a *truthful* portrayal of the terrific events which are happening whilst civilization passes through the fire.

To be pictorially well-informed, entertained and impressed means a weekly sight of the world's greatest illustrated newspaper. Within its pages your friends will see pictures which no other paper in the world can publish. It will be a great gift of lasting pleasure . . . a weekly reminder of your thoughtfulness.

Let our Publisher do what is necessary. He can dispatch—no wrapping—no posting —no worry for you.

Just send him your cheque, the name of your friend or relative, and don't forget to state your own name so that he may append it to the first copy sent . . . WITH YOUR GOOD WISHES FOR 1941.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Twelve months, including Christmas Number

Inland	..	..	£3. 3. 0.
Abroad	..	..	£3. 6. 6.
Canada	..	..	£3. 0. 8.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

WRITE TO THE PUBLISHER, 32 ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly at the Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Wednesday, January 29, 1941. Registered as a Newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania